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Pro-Slavery.

THE SLAVE TRADE IN THE SOUTH CAROLINA SENATE.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Friday, Nov. 26, 1858.

THE interest felt in the case of the slaver Echo, about to be tried in the Federal Court in this District, has made itself manifest thus early in the Senate of the State in the following resolutions, introduced into that body by Senator Mazyck:

Resolved, That the Constitution of the United States contains no grant of power to regulate, prevent or restrict commerce among foreign nations; and, therefore, all acts of Congress purporting to prohibit or interfere with the slave trade between foreign countries are unconstitutional, and have no rightful force or effect.

Resolved, That the act of Congress declaring the slave trade to be piracy, if it be understood as affirming that it is piracy in the nature of things and in the sense of the Constitution, affirms what is not true; and inasmuch as it purports and intends to convert into piracy what is not so in the nature of things, and in the sense of the Constitution, the said act is unconstitutional, null and void.

These resolutions coming up for debate under the special order, Senator Mazyck said—

Mr. PRESIDENT: Of the powers delegated by the Constitution to the government of the United States, there are but three by which the right to prohibit any description of trade can be inferred. One is the power given to Congress to regulate commerce with foreign States; another is the power to punish piracy and other offences committed on the high seas; and, the third is that provision of the Constitution which, as it relates in express terms exclusively to the importation of slaves into the United States, has no application to the matter now before us. The power of the government of the United States to define piracy, and to punish it as felony, I will proceed to notice when I consider the second resolution, and I will now come at once, Mr. President, to the question of the power of Congress to regulate commerce with foreign nations. The plain interpretation of the Constitution appears to me to be the delegation to the government of the United States of the power to regulate the commerce between the United States and foreign nations. If, therefore, we assume that the power to regulate includes the power to prohibit, it would confer on the government the power to prohibit the slave trade between the United States and a foreign country. But the resolutions introduced into this body do not say that it is unconstitutional to prohibit by acts of the General Government the slave trade between our own State and any other nation. They only assert the fact that it is not constitutional nor within the province of Congress to prohibit that traffic between two foreign countries. No commentator on the Constitution of the United States, so far as I have discovered, seems to have taken up the question as to how far the power conferred on our government to regulate commerce between these States and a foreign nation includes the right to interfere in the commerce carried on between two other countries distinct from our own. Justice Story, however, does touch indirectly on this feature of the question, when, after stating his reasons to show that the power to regulate commerce included navigation, he sums up by saying: "This power the Constitution extends to commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States and with the Indian tribes. In regard to foreign nations, it is universally admitted that the words comprehend every species of commercial intercourse. No sort of trade or commerce can be carried on between this country and another to which it does not extend." So that Justice Story plainly understood this delegated power to refer only to the commerce between the United States and foreign countries, and not to the commerce between two foreign nations. Now, there are acts of Congress which purpose to interfere with the slave trade as carried on between foreign countries; and we have at the present moment a case waiting for trial in this district, in which the officers and crew of a vessel are charged with carrying on the traffic in slaves between the Coast of Africa and the Island of Cuba. It is the constitutionality of such acts alone that is denied in the resolutions before the Senate. Mr. President, in my humble judgment, it is a grave question, and one that is open to serious doubts, whether the power to regulate commerce includes the power to prohibit any branch of trade whatever. But that is a point that is left undisturbed by these resolutions, which simply declare that the power to regulate commerce does not extend to commerce between two foreign nations, and therefore cannot include the prohibition of the slave trade between foreign nations. While, therefore, I myself entertain grave doubts as to the right of Congress to infer the power to prohibit any trade from the constitutional power to regulate commerce between our own and any other country, I shall suffer that feature of the question to pass unnoticed at this time, and shall confine myself to the position that such power does not include the power to regulate commerce between foreign nations, and that when the Congress of the United States assumes to pass acts that interfere with any trade carried on between foreign countries, it assumes an authority it has no title to exercise, and commits an act of usurpation for which it has no constitutional justification. I shall now proceed, Mr. President, to briefly consider the second resolution before us, which denies the right of Congress to make any act an act of piracy which was not clearly embraced as such in the words or sense of the Constitution. When the Constitution of these States was adopted, the slave trade was as legitimate as the trade in wool, in coffee or in tobacco. It was a legitimate and an innocent trade, recognized as such at the time by all men; and if the power delegated to Congress, to regulate commerce, is to be interpreted into the right to make it an act of piracy now to carry on that particular trade between any countries whatever, then must Congress surely have the same right, at its option, to make the trade in coffee, wool or tobacco an act of piracy likewise. When the Constitution was adopted, it was well understood what constituted the crime of piracy. It was robbery on the high seas. The Constitution, it is true, conferred on Congress the power to define piracy. There must be, doubtless, some certain rule or line, for the purposes of legal prosecution, to distinguish what is robbery on the high seas; and it was proper that Congress should have the right to point out what acts of violence and robbery should come within the definition of that offence. But the power to define is one thing—the power to create, another. Can it be imagined or pretended that under the power to define piracy, it was intended to confer on the government the power to declare any act an act of piracy? If Congress really possessed the power to make the slave trade between Africa and Cuba piracy, it would have the same power to make the same trade piracy when carried on between Louisiana and Virginia, by way of the sea. If it has the right to declare it an act of piracy to convey slaves between the African and Cuban coasts, what is to deprive it of a similar right in relation to the transport of slaves between Chesapeake Bay and Mississippi? I am utterly at a loss to perceive how any person can point out a distinction between the two cases. And not only does the exercise of this power imply the right to make the slave trade, when carried on by sea between the States, an act of piracy, but it implies also the right to declare the trade in cotton an act of piracy, whenever that article is put into a ship in our ports and carried over the high seas to any other port in the world. Let it always be borne in mind, sir, that we have a right to consider the slave trade as innocent and legitimate as any other trade. It was more so when the Constitution of these States was adopted than it is now. If we concede this, and also admit that Congress has the power to declare this innocent and legitimate trade piracy, then must we yield to Congress an unlimited power—an absolute despotism—over the whole commerce of the nation. Then must we hold that as soon as a citizen steps into a ship and sails forth on the high seas, he is at the mercy of a Congress that can, at its will, convert any act of his into the crime of piracy, and make a felon of him. For, sir, if we once concede to the government of the United States the powers that are disputed and denied in the resolutions now before us, then we acknowledge that, under the Constitution, its power over all men and all things on the high seas is unlimited. With these remarks, sir, I submit the resolutions to the action of the Senate.

Senator Bryan—Mr. President, I have no observations to offer at this time on the merits of the resolutions now before us, but I am of opinion that the Senate is not now ready for the question on their adoption, and I therefore propose that the further consideration of the special order be postponed to a future day, to be named at the convenience of the Senate.

Senator B. H. Wilson—Mr. President, the question involved in the resolutions before us is one of no little importance, involving, as it does, our relations with the Federal Government. I prefer that the resolutions should take the regular course, and I therefore move their references to the Committee on Federal Relations.

The motion was put and carried, by yeas 25, nays 18.

"BLACK" INGRATITUDE.

From The Louisiana Courier.

IN the latter part of the last century, the great State of New York boasted a great land speculator, Peter surnamed Smith. Said Smith began to be distinguished, towards the close of his adventurous and scheming life, for the multitude of his riches. The most vigorous arm could not "shake a stick" at each of his farms in an hour by the City Hall clock. He was a "millionaire" long before that illegitimate word was adopted into the English vocabulary. It was an old-fogy age in which he lived, so Peter never dreamed of making himself President, or even Governor, by means of his wealth. Tradition says that he plodded on schemingly, cunningly and stingily to the last, taking more pleasure in saving a brazen copper cent than he ever took in cheating a neighbor out of a thousand.

Peter had a son—only one son, but that son was a whopper. He called his name Gerrit, or, as he was wont to pronounce it, "Garrett," for the boy was, next to hard dollars, in the very tip-top of the old man's affections. As young Smith grew in stature, he grew in mischief. At an early age, his pockets were filled with cash, his trunks replenished by his careful mother, and packed off to college. A quick wit, a strong memory and a due share of the paternal plausibility, enabled young Smith to get through his collegiate duties without much labor, and to devote the time thus economized to miscellaneous mischief. He at length graduated with honor, and was looked upon as the cream and topmost skimming of his class. Few equalled him in his wonderful oratorical power, though he had then, and still retains, a habit of referring to Smith for proofs of assertions made by Smith.

His career is an old story. He studied law, but was too indolent to practise. He embarked in politics, but unluckily got upon the Federal side. His Federal party became a Whig party, and the Whig party showed such signs of premature decay that Smith staked his political fortunes upon Abolitionism.

His subsequent career is known. Elected to Congress, he found night sessions such a bore that he was compelled to resign—such at least is his excuse; but the real reason was probably that he was unwilling to associate with the scamps whom he found among the Black Republican delegation.

Gerrit has been chief among the niggers' friends. He has given away scores of thousands of acres to the colored images of their Maker, dreaming fondly that his black brethren would settle upon the estates, thrive and raise up little darkies to worship Smith and vote the straight Abolition ticket. Every day or two, to show the sincerity of his regard for all that is African, he has the legs of some big runaway nigger thrust under his mahogany. Lazy nigger preachers make a hotel of his mansion at Peterboro', and his accomplished daughter, clad in broadcloth Bloomers, sits at the church where Smith preaches, flanked to the right and left by colored sisters.

But Smith's nigger landholders sold his bounty and spent the money in brass rings, red waistcoats, onions, and whiskey, and, now that he has become for the second time the Abolition candidate for Governor of New York, the sable ingrates refuse *en masse* to vote for him! They will devour his bread and beef, they will sell the land he gave them, and they will travel as dead-heads on the "underground railway," which he establishes and which he chiefly supports; they will light their pipes with the abolition papers which he supports; but when it comes to voting for him they flatly refuse. The very privilege of voting along with their white fellow-citizens was won for them by Smith, and now, when he aspires to the office of Commander-in-Chief of the New York State Militia, not a solitary nigger ballot can he get! This is a shabby way to treat a great philanthropist, a benefactor, a preacher of the gospel, and the wealthiest as well as the most eloquent of all the advocates of nigger equality.

But the New York darkies don't want to "fro away" their votes. They want to fuse with the Black Republicans (as the Know Nothings tried to do at Syracuse), and so "unite all the elements of opposition" to the "slave-driving Democracy."

Selections.

ENGLAND UNFAITHFUL TO PORTUGAL.

From The (London) Statesman.

SPEAKING of the task of suppressing the slave trade, the *Edinburgh Review* says, "*We* can rely on Portugal for faithful companionship in the work before us." When this was written, Portugal had not been compelled by high-handed menaces to surrender a French slaver which claimed imperial protection. While England is under the government of a minister who approves of the slave trade, the question is obviously not whether *we* can rely on Portugal, but whether Portugal can rely on us. In the case of the Charles-et-Georges, our government has manifestly abandoned an old and faithful ally, and stood quietly on one side while a new acquaintance acted towards her on the principles of the code of Dick Turpin, rather than on the principles of the code of nations. Bad as is the conduct of France, it is a nice question whether the conduct of Disraeli & Co. is not worse. But it is only of a piece with the conduct of the men who voted for and against the Conspiracy bill; who sanctioned the publication of the Ellenborough Manifesto, and withheld the reply of Lord Canning; who permitted the hasty and ill-judged bombardment of Jeddah; and who capitulated to General Cass on the question of the right of visit.

For us the course pursued by the Derby government in the matter of the Charles-et-Georges is far more important than the course pursued by France. The government of the Emperor has disgraced itself before Europe. The hem of the imperial robe has been lifted, and the cloven hoof suspected to lurk under its folds is revealed in all its deformity. The sacrifice of justice on the altar of imperial arrogance, in order to further the slave trade, raises a question which must be settled between the French people, whose name has been dragged in the mire, and the French court. With that question we have, properly speaking, nothing to do. If France chooses to be a mark for the scorn of Europe, that is her affair. She abolished slavery when she had the power to do so; she has not undertaken to suppress the slave trade. We have. If our policy since 1832 mean anything, it means that we hold the slave traffic as illegal and infamous, and consequently feel it our duty to put it down, so far as we have the power. We have welcomed allies who have taken or seemed to take the same view of moral duty. What return have we given them? Their reward is to see us idle spectators of a shameful violation of public right, and almost accomplices in as flagrant an act of high-flying despotism and defiance of justice as ever was perpetrated. How dare any one say that the master spirit who sways the decisions of the Cabinet has not made the government of the Queen a tacit partner, not only in this revival of the slave trade, but in this new doctrine that momentous questions of international law shall be decided by the will of the stronger!

How brightly the conduct of the Portuguese government shines in contrast with that of our own and of France! Here is a slaver caught *flagrante delicto* in prohibited water, slaves ironed on board. She is condemned by the local court; her captain appeals against the sentence to the superior court at Lisbon; what happens! Without further preface, Count Walewski demands the delivery of the vessel and the release of the captain. The Portuguese government explains that the cause is before the regular independent tribunals of the country. As it is questionable whether there are any such things in France, the French Court may be pardoned for not respecting the plea on the ground of non-appreciation. The Portuguese propose mediation in accordance with the suggestion in a protocol adopted at the Paris Conferences. The French will have no mediation on the question of right, but agree to mediation on the question of indemnity. If this were not complied with, the French Minister and all his diplomatic apparatus were to depart, and the French Admiral was to settle the question. Count Walewski insidiously offered to call off his marine bull-dogs if Portugal would pledge herself to give up the ship. But Portugal, justly indignant at the threats and the mean attempt to entrap her into a false position by the offer of a veil to her submission, persisted in the conviction that right was on her side, "but seeing the impossibility of making that right prevail (Lord Malmesbury looking on) yielded to the peremptory exactions" of France, and gave up the captain and the ship. She went further. Refusing mediation to fix an indemnity not believed to be justly due, she declared that she would accept any resolution that France might adopt, and pay any sum France demanded, "for the same reasons which had obliged her to yield to the other exactions."

Thus Portugal takes a higher stand than France, and, instead of being humiliated by France, humiliates France herself. It is no disgrace to be physically weak; it is a disgrace to use physical strength to override law and equity. And Lord Malmesbury, like the Oxford student who would not save a drowning fellow-creature, because he had not been introduced to him, looks on while this infamy is transacted, waiting to be asked to interfere. All he did was to press on France the wisdom and justice of mediation. The pressure was gentle, no doubt, and it failed. France is our *cordial* ally. We may measure the cordiality by this refusal.

Whether the Portuguese authorities were strictly in the right has nothing to do with the conduct of the French. The Portuguese authorities may have been wrong. The offence of France is that she violently set aside the effective administration of justice and the impartial decision of law.

What are to be the issues? Is this case to become a precedent for the treatment of weak States by strong States, who trade on the knowledge that England is unwilling, without great provocation, to engage in war? It is Portugal to-day; it may be Belgium or Brazil to-morrow. Is this case to become a precedent for the re-legalization of the slave trade? Are there to be two flags—the tricolor and the stars and stripes—clothed with immunity, and consecrated to the abduction of slaves? Are the highwaymen of the seas to carry the tricolor on a new "tour of the world," the ensign of rapine and slaughter? If so, what is to become of the independence of nations and the safety of the seas? These are serious questions, which all who take to heart the honor of England, and the cause, not of humanity, but of justice, should answer for themselves, and, having answered, should act upon their own convictions.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE'S APOSTROPHE TO THE NORTH STAR.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

STAR of the North! though night-winds drift
The fleecy drapery of the sky
Between thy lamp and me, I lift,
Yea, lift with hope, my sleepless eye
To the blue heights wherein thou dwellest,
And of a land of freedom tellest.

Star of the North! while blazing day
Pours round me its full tide of light,
And hides thy pale but faithful ray,
I, too, lie hid, and long for night:
For night—I dare not walk at noon,
Nor dare I trust the faithless moon—

Nor faithless man, whose burning lust
For gold hath riveted my chain;
No other leader can I trust,
But thee, of even the starry train;
For, all the host around thee burning,
Like faithless man, keep turning, turning.

I may not follow where *they* go:
Star of the North, I look to thee,
While on I press; for well I know
Thy light and truth shall set me free;
Thy light, that no poor slave deceiveth;
Thy truth, that all my soul believeth.

They of the East beheld the star
That over Bethlehem's manger glowed;
With joy they hailed it from afar,
And followed where it marked the road,
Till, where its rays directly fell,
They found the hope of Israel.

Wise were the men, who followed thus
The star that sets man free from sin!
Star of the North! thou art to us—
Who're slaves because we wear a skin
Dark as is night's protecting wing—
Thou art to us a holy thing.

And we are wise to follow thee!
I trust thy steady light alone:
Star of the North! thou seem'st to me
To burn before the Almighty's throne,
To guide me, through these forests dim
And vast, to liberty and HIM.

Thy beam is on the glassy breast
Of the still spring, upon whose brink
I lay my weary limbs to rest,
And bow my parching lips to drink.
Guide of the friendless negro's way,
I bless thee for this quiet ray!

In the dark top of southern pines
I nestled, when the driver's horn
Called to the field, in lengthening lines,
My fellows, at the break of morn.
And there I lay, till thy sweet face
Looked in upon "my hiding-place."

The tangled cane-break—where I crept,
For shelter from the heat of noon,
And where, while others toiled, I slept,
Till wakened by the rising moon—
As its stalks felt the night-wind free,
Gave me to catch a glimpse of thee.

Star of the North! in bright array
The constellations round thee sweep,
Each holding on its nightly way,
Rising, or sinking in the deep,
And, as it hangs in mid heaven flaming,
The homage of some nation claiming.

This nation to the Eagle* cowers;
Fit ensign! she's a bird of spoil;
Like worships like! for each devours
The earnings of another's toil;
I've felt her talons and her beak,
And now the gentler Lion seek.

The Lion, at the Virgin's feet,
Couches, and lays his mighty paw
Into her lap!—an emblem meet
Of England's Queen and English law:
Queen, that hath made her Islands free!
Law that holds out its shield to me!

Star of the North! upon that shield
Thou shinest!—O, forever shine!
The negro, from the cotton-field,
Shall then beneath its orb recline,
And feed the Lion couched before it,
Nor heed the Eagle screaming o'er it!

1839

* The constellations *Aquila*, *Leo* and *Virgo* are here meant by the astronomical fugitive.

THE NOISOME JOHN MITCHEL.

AMONG the most consistent philosophers at present engaged in the support and defence of human slavery, we must certainly rank that illustrious patriot John Mitchel, the Irishman, who is at present grinding in the slaveholder's mill at Knoxville, and who will be transferred, when his owners are ready, to the mill at Washington, in which the grinding will be worse and the pay proportionately better. Those who are not over-nice in their moral notions, who like to behold perversion perfect, and who find a fascination in the utter wreck of humanity, will be enraptured to learn that Mr. John Mitchel has reached the lowest depth of mental degradation, and is now about the most beautifully noisome individual connected with the American press. In his way—which is not a very fragrant way—he is now positively accomplished. We do not think that any future offences of his can be ranker or smell higher than that which he has now committed. He is laudably ambitious to sink; but we think that his ambition should, and, in the nature of things, must, now rest satisfied. When a man honestly believes—and, of course, Mr. John Mitchel is honest—in man-stealing and kidnapping, it is exceedingly creditable for him to have the moral courage to avow his belief plumply and plainly, without circumlocution or extenuation. "I am a villain," said the Irish actor in the barn, with knit brow and general truculent physiognomy. "That's a fact!" exclaimed some admiring critic in the auditorium. "You lie!" responded the indignant histrion. But Mr. John does not so answer when his frank avowal meets with a similar response. He puts on his sweetest smile, makes his best bow, and blandly acknowledges that he is a villain and proud of his villany—a traitor and proud of his treason—a kidnapper and proud of his kidnapping. His brazen boldness is the most delicious thing of the kind which has ever come to our knowledge, except through the pages of Jonathan Wild the Great, Paul Clifford, or the Newgate Calendar. He makes us think of the old Border Ruffian school of Scotland who "sae rantingly, sae dantingly" danced around the gallows-tree. We are indebted to him in this prosaic time for a new sensation. A champion of Irish emancipation, transmogrified into a "nigger-driving Yankee," and still yearning for new gangs and fresh "niggers," is an object for any travelling menagerie, and cannot be gazed upon without awe, and other sensations too numerous and too peculiar to be mentioned.

We do not know that our readers will be at all surprised when they learn that this Irish patriot has plainly avowed himself the champion of the African slave trade. He is more Southern than the extremest Southern soldier of slavery; and, like most converts of the kind, he makes an ass of himself in avowing his conversion. Southern gentlemen, who have heretofore deluded themselves into the belief that they were tolerably faithful to the Institution, are lectured with immense severity by this Irish brave, and are reminded by him, with more vigor than modesty, of their duties. They are told, in fact, that they lack "pluck," which is, we suppose, the most mortal insult which can be offered to our genuine Southron; that until they come out boldly for piracy—that is, for what the civilized world has agreed to consider piracy—they are a set of Wooden Spoons, talking much, it is true, about chivalry, but without one particle of chivalry in their composition. Such frankness is delightful to us, but the fleshmongers of the South, who have done their best to be bad, and have honorably struggled to be models of inhumanity, may think it a little unkind and altogether undeserved. For our own part, although South Carolina has small love for us, we will not stand calmly by and hear her thus slandered without saying a good word in her defence. We say plainly to John Mitchel that he does the slaveholders gross injustice. We do not believe that they lack a relish for piracy. On the contrary, we believe they would engage in it with commendable alacrity, if they thought it would pay expenses. They probably understand their own business quite as well as Mr. John Mitchel understands it; and if they are satisfied that a given course of action will not be profitable, they cannot be expected to engage in it simply to gratify him.

Mr. Mitchel propounds his theory of negro importation in a gay, rollicking, humorous spirit, in which the bloodthirstiness of the Thug is agreeably dashed with the overflowing humor of the Hibernian. He is especially funny about the King of Ashantee, who has a lot of "fine, cheap fellows" for sale, and proposes, in his light way, "to patronize the King of Ashantee." He plants himself upon what he calls "the human-flesh platform," and gloats and giggles over his horrible theories, as we may imagine the King of Dahomey dilating with rapture as he puts the capsheaf-skull to one of his amiable pyramids. Well is it to be merry and wise; and it may not be well to be honest and true; but we suppose that we must not blame the poor Exile of Erin for being merry and otherwise. If a man must eat the bread of dependence, we cannot blame him for salving it with the marmalade of merriment.—*Tribune.*

THE MORTARA ABDUCTION.

From The (Catholic) Freeman's Journal.

MORTARA AND CUFFY.

EVERY human government has its own peculiar troubles—its questions of an embarrassing nature—and seldom is it that any interference of strangers can aid in the beneficial solution of such internal questions. What good, for example, could have been effected last winter by the officious meddling of the French and English Ministers at Washington with the Kansas question? With what temper would we, or any part of the American people, have received information that Pope Pius IX. had sent an envoy to Mr. Buchanan to remonstrate against the bad example of political injustice, or the breach of public promises and official faith, in the relations of our government with any portion of the people of the United States?

Our government has been invoked to instruct the American Minister at Rome to expostulate with the Pontifical government in regard to the affair of the Mortara family. Gen. Cass has very properly refused. It is indeed true, if foreign Embassies were what they ought to be—not hospitals for political cripples nor perquisites of nepotism, but organs for the promotion of international civilization and harmony; and if our foreign Ministers were men of ability, and deeply possessed with the true spirit of American ideas, then beneficial results for liberty and humanity might be effected at many a court in Europe. Still, in a case like that referred to, it would be a very delicate business. Between the laws of Rome and any subject of the Roman States, the interference of the American Minister must be not official, but officious. The French Minister at Rome is reported to have written back to his government that there was no use in farther discussion—that the state of the case was one in which the Pope had no legal power to interfere with the law. Now, *suppose* the facts of the Mortara case to be such as the Jews in the United States understand them: There would be potent arguments, in harmony with Catholic principles, to urge on the government of Rome. But suppose an American Minister, incautious in his zeal for liberty, to ask with warmth for an interview on the subject with Antonelli, the Roman Secretary of State: Suppose the latter, who is remarkable for ability, and fertile in resources, should appoint a day and an hour. The American Minister appears. My dear Mr. Smith, says Antonelli to him, I am glad to see you. I have been pestered for a month past by a Priest in the Propaganda—*an African from the Coast of Guinea*—to send for you to speak of a case of great hardship that has occurred to a humble member of his nation and tribe in your happy country. I have sent for this good Priest this morning, and will presently introduce him. Here is the case he speaks of: One Sambo Cuffy, a slave in Washington City, has written to him that, owing to the death of his late master, he and his family have been sold at auction. His wife, and three children under twelve years of age, were bought by a Mr. S. and sent to New Orleans. He himself, being lame, was not wanted for the Southern market, and was knocked off to an East Shore Marylander. Now, my dear sir, Sambo Cuffy and his family were Catholics. He was married in St. Matthew's Church, Washington, and his children were baptized in the same Church. His marriage, by this sale, has been treated as a nullity, and his young children are torn away from him, and are now in the hands of a Methodist preacher who owns a sugar plantation in Louisiana. I appeal with confidence to you to represent this outrage on Christian morals to your generous and warm-hearted President, to have the sale annulled, and the wife and children brought back, by the authority of the United States government. Mr. Smith, the American Minister, assures the Cardinal-Secretary that the case can hardly be so bad as represented; that instances of thus rending slaves from their families are rare in the United States, etc., etc., etc. The Cardinal hands him a paper, signed by the Mayor of Washington, setting forth the facts, and certifying the good character of Cuffy and his family. He then renews his solicitations that the United States government will take steps in the matter. We will not follow Mr. Smith in his explanations of how it is that the United States government has no legal power to remedy so great a wrong within its own bounds; nor the perplexity of the Cardinal as to how it can be, in a country truly great, truly just and truly free, that such injustice can be done, and yet no earthly remedy be possible. Before the case of Cuffy and his family could be dropped from the conversation, we may be sure that Mr. Smith would have dropped all intention of remonstrating with too great severity against the old Roman laws in regard to the relations of Christians and Jews. Mr. Smith could only plead as a distinction: "The Jew is a *white* man!" and the Cardinal would answer him: "Cuffy and his black children are *Christians!*"

Two wrongs do not create a right; nevertheless, our illustration proves our point, that *every* government has its own embarrassing questions, and that outside interference must be very delicate, and very guarded, if it would help to a beneficial solution. The government of the United States, with all its power, has *no legal way* to restore to Cuffy his Christian wife and children. It is equally possible that the government of Rome has no legal way to secure the Jew Mortara from the results of his own breach of civil law, forbidding him to keep a Christian nurse for his Jewish children.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD, SOUTH.

Correspondence of The New York Tribune.

WHEELING, Va., Nov. 29, 1858.

THE public are frequently informed of travelling on the Underground Railroad; but these journeys are always reported as proceeding northward. The trips in the Southern direction are seldom reported. Some account of one I proceed to lay before your readers.

About six years ago, a tavern-keeper in the city of Wheeling, Va., had four or five negroes, male and female, living about his house and working in his stables and kitchen. Only one of them—a blind man—was believed to be a slave; the others were young, and were understood to be bound to him, either by the County Court or their former guardians, for a term of years, after which they would be free. One of these negroes, a boy named Alick, disappeared suddenly. Various surmises existed about his fate. At length the fact leaked out that his master had sent him down the Mississippi river by an agent and sold him into life slavery. Legal proceedings were instituted against the tavern-keeper, which were terminated by the restoration of Alick from captivity, and his liberation from further servitude with the tavern-keeper.

Some weeks ago a sheriff's execution was laid upon the property of the tavern-keeper at the suit of a younger brother. A compromise was effected between the contending brothers, by which the tavern-keeper agreed to vacate the premises. Meantime, a negro woman named Mag, who worked in the kitchen, about 25 years old, with her two children disappeared, mysteriously. What has become of Mag? This question was asked by the neighbors after her departure, but no satisfactory answer was obtained. The children of Mag exhibit *prima facie* evidence of being born to a white man. Parties who know state positively that Mag is not a slave, but was bound to the tavern-keeper for six years, and that this time has long expired. If this be true, and I know no reason to doubt it, Mag and her children were free. I would also state that the tavern-keeper never claimed Mag as a slave.

A traveller coming up the Ohio river toward Wheeling has brought some information about Mag. He states that she was decoyed from her home at the instance of her master, by the information that she and her children were about to be sold for debt; but if she would go down to Moundsville (twelve miles below Wheeling on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad) on the cars, she could escape from thence across the Ohio river into Ohio, and get a good situation. She accordingly fled with her children, believing she was escaping from slavery and her master's whip by a cleverly concerted plot. Alas, for a negro's expectation! Arrived at Moundsville, she was attended by her conductor, and taken into a ferryboat. But the moment she went on board she discovered the steamer was bound south, and was made a prisoner with her children. The boat was loosed from her moorings, and, amid the screams of Mag, steamed off towards the south. At Portsmouth, Ohio, where the boat stopped for coal, Mag made an abortive effort to escape. The conductor claimed ownership, and she was retained in custody. Onward the boat proceeded, and arrived in Kentucky, where Mag and her children were transferred into hopeless slavery. If the tavern-keeper's wife is now asked, "Where is Mag?" she answers, significantly, "In my pocket."

I would here ask, if Mag really were a slave, why resort to this underhand way of disposing of her? It is as easy to sell and transport slaves here as it is to sell and convey a barrel of whiskey. If all things are right, why smuggle them thus?

M. L.

SONG TO FREEDOM.

THE following song to Freedom has come to us from a gentleman in Goshen; but whether Goshen in New York, in Connecticut, or Egypt, we know not. It is some place where there is light and not darkness, at any rate; and it possesses a rude vigor and spirit that makes it worthy of publication. The author expresses a wish that the music might be printed along with it; but he has not sent the text, the musical copy; so the verses must be left to their own melody.

SONG TO FREEDOM.

Air—*Suoni la tromba.*—Puritani.

I.

Freedom! Thou fount for all races!
How, with the greed of a tiger,
Men decoy men on the Niger!
Who hears, if they repine?
Hurled from their homes and their places!
Art thou of men, or from heaven?
Say, Freedom! Scatter thy leaven,
And Nature's face will shine.
Hurrah!
Say, Freedom! Scatter thy leaven,
And Nature's face will shine.

II.

Why does one take from another
All that he earns by his labor?
Wherefore withhold from your neighbor
A richer gain than gold?
Look at this African brother!
Throne of iniquity tries him,
Rights of white men it denies him,
And so the man is sold!
Hurrah!
Rights of white men it denies him,
And so the man is sold!

III.

Sold? And his future employment
Ruled at the robber's intention!
Sold! and without intervention
Of Law to be his guard!
But by Law, Freedom's enjoyment
Ever proscribed from possessing!
Speak, Freedom! Say, from this blessing
If MEN shall be debarred?
Hurrah!
Speak, Freedom! Say, from this blessing
If MEN shall be debarred?

IV.

Freedom! can tyrants expel thee?
No! thy dominions are spacious;
No! for thy hands are tenacious;
No! by the Earth and the Sea!
Well! if there's no one to quell thee,
No flood of mischief to drown thee,
Say! if Philanthropy crown thee,
If MEN for sale shall be?
Hurrah!
Say! if Philanthropy crown thee,
If MEN for sale shall be?

V.

Oh! love of power and of money!
Man a mere chattel thou makest,
Life for thy pleasure thou takest,
And to the sordid mind
Sweeter than seemest than honey!—
When will Love, broad as the ocean,
Set the wide world in commotion,
And every bond unbind?
Hurrah!
Set the wide world in commotion,
And every bond unbind!

The song is so spirited that we hope the author will put the music to it, and set it a-going. Good music to strong verse is like wings to an eagle, that never looks so majestic as on its flight; seems, indeed, like a shaft of lightning. We should love to have lightning and thunderbolt together driven through the heart and soul of slavery. The world has need of a Poet with the genius and inspiration of Moses, to set all the curses of Mount Ebal burning against it! Curses were given, were authorized, for just such a purpose, and God himself has sanctioned the hurrah and halleluia of the people's heart along with them. Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's landmark: and all the people shall say, Amen! Cursed be he that perverteth the judgment of the stranger, fatherless, and widow: and all the people shall say, Amen! Cursed be he that smiteth his neighbor secretly: and all the people shall say, Amen! Cursed be he that taketh reward to slay an innocent person: and all the people shall say, Amen! How stand the Dred Scott decision, and its defenders, under the glare of these curses? Or how can slaveholders endure the lightning of that tremendous law, He that stealeth a man, and selleth him, or if he be found in his hands, shall surely be put to death! Look into the General Assembly's Confession of Faith for 1794, and you shall find what our fathers noted concerning slaveholding under that law.—*Dr. Cheever, in The Independent.*

SLAVERY OR BANISHMENT.

Two bills are before the Legislature of North Carolina, now in session, introduced by Col. Humphrey, of Onslow, at the request, as we are told, of many of his constituents, and also of many citizens of other portions of the State. These bills are worthy of attention, as belonging to the history of the malignant and dastardly persecution of the free colored people of the Southern States, which forms so striking a feature in that new development of civilization in progress in those States, and of which the institution of slavery is made the basis and corner-stone.

The first of these bills provides that if any free person of color shall immigrate into the State—that is to say, shall come into it from another State—it shall be the duty of the sheriff or any constable of the county into which he shall come to arrest him, bring him before the chairman of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, who shall demand of him a bond, in the sum of one thousand dollars, to be signed by himself and some approved citizen of the State, conditioned for his immediate removal. Should he be unable to give this bond, he shall be committed to the public jail, with an order to the sheriff to expose him to public sale to the highest bidder at the court-house door of his county, after giving four weeks' notice of the sale; the purchaser to exercise over him all the rights of ownership for one year. In the course of that year he may still give the bond above mentioned, if he can, to take effect at the expiration of his year of servitude; but, in case he fails to do so, he is to be returned to the sheriff, who, after six weeks' notice, is to proceed to sell him as a slave for life, the money arising from such sale to be appropriated to the benefit of the Common Schools of the county. The bill then proceeds to provide that two years shall be allowed to all the free persons of color now in the State to remove therefrom; failing to do which, they shall be forthwith arrested and proceeded against, as is above provided in the case of emigrants. To bring any free person of color within the State in a vessel or otherwise, or to induce, aid or assist any free person of color to come within the limits of the State, is made a misdemeanor, punishable by fine of from five hundred to five thousand dollars; but cooks or other hands employed on board vessels are excepted from this provision.

The other bill, intended as a counterpart to the first, graciously concedes to that part of the free colored population above the age of fourteen the privilege of becoming slaves by the choice of their own masters, with the further additional privilege of not being subject to forced sales for any debt incurred by or judgment rendered against the chosen master prior to the period of enslavement. The mothers of children under the age of fourteen are to have a similar privilege of selecting masters for their children. If the mother be dead, the same power is to be exercised in their behalf by their "next friend."

The author of this bill seems to anticipate that the choice of masters under it might be rather nominal than real, and accordingly he has taken some pains to guard against "fraud or collusion." The person desirous to select an owner is to set forth his wish and the name of his selected owner in a petition to the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, which, after four weeks' public notice of such petition, by posting the same at the door of the court-house, is to summon before it the petitioner, the subscribing witnesses to the petition, and the person designated as master; and if, after a full examination (the County Solicitor being present and acting as advocate for the petitioner, for which he is to receive a fee of $10—the same fee allowed by the Fugitive Slave law), the Court shall be satisfied that there is no fraud or collusion between the parties, that the proposed master is a person of good repute, and that there is no reason to the contrary, it shall have power to make a decree vesting in the person so chosen as master the property and ownership of the petitioner, the same as if said petitioner had been born a slave to the master so chosen.

The two acts taken together give to the free colored population of North Carolina the choice of removing out of the State within two years, of choosing an owner for themselves, or of being sold at public auction for the benefit of common schools.—*Tribune.*

THE UNITED STATES AND HAYTI.

From The London Times.

THE details of a grievance said to have been sustained lately by the Haytien Government at the hands of the Washington Cabinet have just transpired, and seem not without importance, although the case will probably be found to have arisen from the absence of sufficient explanations. About a year back a party of American citizens established themselves in the island of Navaza, about 30 miles from the Haytien coast, and which is claimed as a dependency of that country. Their object was to ship cargoes of an inferior kind of guano found in great abundance there. On learning the facts the Haytien government sent two commissioners to examine. They found a regular establishment, consisting of a wharf, boats, houses and fifty workmen, provided with a couple of four-pounders and other weapons, and that guano was being actively collected. Thereupon, the Haytien government sent a formal protest to the American agent at Port-au-Prince, to be forwarded to Washington, and waited the arrival of orders to the interlopers to withdraw. On the 15th of August last, however, two American men-of-war, the Saratoga and another, visited Hayti, and notified that, so far from the Washington Cabinet having any intention to comply with the request made, the vessels had come to protect the alleged intruders, and to warn the government of Hayti not to interfere with them. The ground assigned was that by an act of Congress of the 18th of August, 1856, the American government had been authorized to protect citizens of the United States who may discover guano in any island "not within the lawful jurisdiction of any other government." Having given this notice, the Saratoga, without waiting any reply, sailed off. The Haytien government then sent a new protest to Washington, and in this position the affair at present stands. It is evident from the notice given by the Saratoga that the United States are disposed to deny the Haytien jurisdiction. On the other hand, Hayti asserts that upon that point, from historic precedents and actual fac

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1858.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York.*"

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TO DONORS.

THOSE who have made pledges to the American Anti-Slavery Society, and those who intend, whether pledged or not, to do something in aid of its operations the current year, are reminded that this season is the time when such aid is most needed. Such Donations will be gladly received and promptly acknowledged either by Francis Jackson, Boston, or S. H. Gay, New York.

BACK NUMBERS WANTED.—Friends who do not file THE STANDARD will confer a special favor on us if they will return to this office the number for Nov. 20. In consequence of a blunder in the press room, our files are deficient. Direct, "*National Anti-Slavery Standard*, New York."

THE POPE AND THE PRESIDENT.

THE proverbial philosophy of all times and nations has dealt with the differences which the circumstance of an action's being our own or another man's works in our estimation of it. We all know the proclivity to which all church-goers yield, of putting the sermon over into the next pew. We have all heard that it makes a world of difference which leg the boot is on and which horse the saddle. And it is an instance as old as Æsop's time, the change of opinion as to the character of the trespass worked by the discovery that it was our ox that gored our neighbor's bull instead of his bull that hooked our ox. Burns, though a poet, needed no other inspiration than common sense and experience to make him utter the aspiration,

"O would some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us!"

It is the universal and inherent infirmity of our flesh which has given theme and utterance to multitudes of philosophers, satirists, sermonizers and dramatists everywhere and always. Were men always consistent, what should we have done for homilies and for apothegms, for philippics and for comedies!

The diversity which exists between the professions and the practices of this great nation of ours is sufficiently marked to be read and known of all men. To hide this discrepancy has grown into a main part of our Church-craft and our State-craft. But, in spite of sermons and of speeches, the rest of mankind will persist in thinking that using human beings as beasts of draught, buying, selling, over-working, scourging and torturing them so as to make them the unresisting instruments of our greed for wealth and power, is not precisely in accordance with the plan of national life we brag of in our Declaration of Independence, of which the rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are the beginning and the end. We can scarcely take any action, or express any opinion, of a national character, that does not bring our inconsistency to men's minds and make them flaunt it in our faces. We all remember how poor Kossuth came over here in the faith that we were what we seemed, and claimed the help which freemen should be ready to render to struggling Freedom, and how his mission only made it more clear to Europe than ever before that the service of the Hungarians to Austria was perfect freedom compared with the abject servitude of our American bondmen, and that he could sooner get the succor he implored from Sultan or from Czar than from the Power which waves its slave-whip over this continent.

The recent outrage which the Papal authorities have committed in the abduction of the Jew child Mortara has been a new occasion for setting our sins in order before us and before the world. Public meetings have been called in the great cities and earnest resolutions passed denouncing the atrocity and urging the government of the United States to add its voice to the stern rebuke which has gone up from every cabinet in Europe, Catholic as well as Protestant. The press has been unanimous and emphatic, at least with the necessary exception of the Catholic organs, in the expression of its sense of this crime against Religious Liberty and natural right. The utterance of neither popular assembly nor of public press has been any stronger or more indignant than the aggravation of the case demanded. To take an innocent child from the arms of its parents and the bosom of its family, on pretence that its religious interests demanded it and because a nursery-maid had baptized it in its infancy, is an atrocity which may well arouse the sympathetic indignation of the civilized world. It is one of the healthiest symptoms of an unwholesome age that it has called forth so deep a feeling and so stern an expression of it throughout the continent of Europe. And much more should it create this feeling in this country, which pretends to regard Religious Freedom as one with Civil Liberty, "with whom she dwells twinned, and from her hath no dividual being."

These requests General Cass, as the head of the government, has refused, on the ground that the child Mortara not being the son of an American citizen, it were an impertinence in the American government to interfere in his behalf. To interfere by force of arms, no doubt; but what impropriety could there be in one Christian government remonstrating with another on a gross infringement of the laws of nature and of natural justice? Certainly, none whatever. And no reason can exist for such tenderness and refinement of diplomatic delicacy, excepting that indicated in the *Freeman's Journal*, the Catholic organ of this city, which the reader will find in another place. Though its case is put coarsely, and with no sufficient sense of the atrocity of stealing black children, it is well and forcibly put as to the matter in hand, and is the unquestionable explanation of the coy withholding of Mr. Cass. How could a government under whose flag hundreds of boys and girls are taken every week from their parents, never to be seen of them again, by an Inquisition more cruel and more implacable than the Holy Office ever was in its bloodiest days, open its lips in behalf of the kidnapped Jewish child? To do otherwise were but to invite the jeers of the European world, which, ignorant as it is as to American affairs, is perfectly well informed as to the fair theory of our Liberty and the black fact of our Slavery.

For the case of the American children who are thus daily kidnapped, under the auspices of the American Constitution, is infinitely harder and worse in every respect than that of the little Jew. There is no pretence of any bad treatment in regard to him, farther than his forcible removal from the care of his father and the influences of his religion. He is unquestionably well treated in all bodily respects, and his education attended to in as careful a manner as his parents could desire, save as to the matter of faith. When he grows to man's estate, should he not be sooner rescued from the priestly hands that have him in their clutch, he will have the same measure of freedom to choose his way of life and to pursue happiness according to his own views of the same that other Italian subjects have, and he will have the same measure of liberty and the same degree of protection to life and property that they possess; whereas the little Americans, whose kidnapping the American Constitution was contrived, in part, to protect, have no such mitigations of their doom. The earliest and strongest ties of nature are ruthlessly broken, and they are snatched away from the loving care of father and mother, to have that fostering instinct replaced by no guardian kindness. They are doomed to live out their lives at the beck and at the mercy of a master, all knowledge shut out at every entrance, and their whole nature degraded, as far as man can do it, to the level of the beasts that lack discourse of reason, and with no more choice of pursuit, or freedom of action, or protection of rights, than an ox or an ass can claim. And all this from no motive of religious fanaticism, no earnest zeal for the salvation of their souls; but from the most sordid lust of gain, the lowest, meanest and most debasing passion that can enter into and possess the soul of man.

We cannot but think that Mr. Cass was wise in his generation, and consulted well the credit of his country when he declined provoking a comparison like this, by a mediation in behalf of this wronged Jewish family. Cardinal Antonelli could have cited the Bull of Pope Gregory XVI., the predecessor of Pio Nono, fulminating the thunders of the Church at slavery and the slave trade, and compared it with the Compromise bill and the Dred Scott decision. He could have compared the religion in which the young Mortara would be brought up, not merely with what slavery permits to our kidnapped children, but with what it makes possible for the masters themselves, and asked whether Christianity and humanity did not call much louder for the interposition of the Pope in America than for that of the President in Italy? We think *The Independent*, in its article on the subject, fondly exaggerates the influence of the American government abroad, when it says that "one word from Mr. Cass at Rome would restore Mortara to his parents." We cannot think that the remonstrance of Mr. Buchanan would weigh much where that of all the sovereigns of Europe had fallen dead, were it ever so loud and earnest. At any rate, we see no reason why the Papal court should yield a single swarthy child it had kidnapped to the entreaties of a nation that kidnaps black children by the dozen, and by the score, and by the hundred, every day of its disgraceful existence.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

OUR readers, we take it for granted, will not be so unreasonable as to expect us to surrender nine columns of our precious space to a paper so dull and uninteresting as the Message of the pro-slavery President of the United States. If any of them, for any reason, desire to make a thorough examination of its contents, they will find it, in all its wearisome prolixity, in the local journals. We shall not even take the pains to present them with a thorough abstract, but content ourselves with a brief notice of some of its most salient points. We do not hesitate to say that it is as weak in argument as it is wicked in spirit, as false to freedom as it is unstatesmanlike in tone.

The President opens, Pecksniff-like, with an expression of "gratitude to that Almighty Providence" which, though the Kansas policy of the Administration, has composed "the sectional strife, between the North and the South, on the subject of slavery," which, one year ago, was "so intense as to threaten the peace and perpetuity of the Confederacy." It is now "a well-established position" that "all American citizens have an equal right to take into the Territories whatever is held as property under the laws of any of the States, and to hold such property there under the guardianship of the Federal Constitution, so long as the Territorial condition shall remain;" and "that a Territory has a right to come into the Union either as a free or a slave State, according to the will of a majority of its people. The just equality of all the States has thus been vindicated, and a fruitful source of dangerous dissension among them has been removed." He goes on, in the spirit of a pettifogger, to justify his efforts to force Kansas into the Union, against the will of her inhabitants, as a slaveholding State, and proposes the enactment of a law to prevent her admission (since she must come in, if at all, as a *free* State) until the Territory shall contain a number of inhabitants which, if in a State, would entitle them to elect a Representative to Congress.

The President congratulates Congress on the settlement of the Utah affair without the effusion of blood; compliments the officers of the army there; expresses satisfaction with the course of Governor Cumming, and honorably mentions Colonel Kane. He refers to the importance of the treaties recently negotiated with China and Japan, and thinks that the result in the former case justified our neutral policy.

He congratulates the country that Great Britain has abandoned the Right of Visitation and Search, "in a manner reflecting honor" upon herself, "and evincing a just regard for the law of nations." Of the present state of the question he says:

"The British Government, at the same time, proposed to the United States that some mode should be adopted, by mutual arrangement between the two countries, of a character which may be found effective without being offensive, for verifying the nationality of vessels suspected on good grounds of carrying false colors. They have also invited the United States to take the initiative, and propose measures for this purpose. Whilst declining to assume so grave a responsibility, the Secretary of State has informed the British Government that we are ready to receive any proposals which they may feel disposed to offer, having this object in view, and to consider them in an amicable spirit. A strong opinion is, however, expressed that the occasional abuse of the flag of any nation is an evil far less to be deprecated than would be the establishment of any regulations which might be incompatible with the freedom of the seas. This Government has yet received no communication specifying the manner in which the British Government would propose to carry out their suggestion; and I am inclined to believe that no plan which can be devised will be free from grave embarrassments. Still, I shall form no decided opinion on the subject until I shall have carefully and in the best spirit examined any proposals which they may think proper to make."

In reference to Central America, he says that negotiations are still progressing, and that he has not yet abandoned all hope of settling our differences with Great Britain in a manner alike honorable and satisfactory.

The relations of Spain to the United States are in a very unsatisfactory condition. On this subject the President exhibits a truculent spirit. He thinks it unreasonable in Spain to refuse to confer upon the Captain-General of Cuba full power to settle the difficulties that arise in the course of our commercial relations with that island. We copy what he says of Cuban annexation:

"The truth is that Cuba, in its existing colonial condition, is a constant source of injury and annoyance to the American people. It is the only spot in the civilized world where the African slave trade is tolerated; and we are bound by treaty with Great Britain to maintain a naval force on the coast of Africa, at much expense both of life and treasure, solely for the purpose of arresting slavers bound to that island. The late serious difficulties between the United States and Great Britain respecting the right of search, now so happily terminated, could never have arisen if Cuba had not afforded a market for slaves. As long as this market shall remain open, there can be no hope for the civilization of benighted Africa. Whilst the demand for slaves continues in Cuba, wars will be waged among the petty and barbarous chiefs in Africa, for the purpose of seizing subjects to supply the trade. In such a condition of affairs, it is impossible that the light of civilization and religion can ever penetrate these dark abodes.

"It has been made known to the world, by my predecessors, that the United States have, on several occasions, endeavored to acquire Cuba from Spain by honorable negotiation. If this were accomplished, the last relic of the African slave trade would instantly disappear. We would not, if we could, acquire Cuba in any other manner. This is due to our national character. All the territory which we have acquired since the origin of the Government has been by fair purchase, from France, Spain and Mexico, or by the free and voluntary act of the Independent State of Texas, in blending her destinies with our own. This course we shall ever pursue, unless circumstances should occur, which we do not now anticipate, rendering a departure from it clearly justifiable, under the imperative and overruling law of self-preservation.

"The island of Cuba, from its geographical position, commands the mouth of the Mississippi, and its immense and annually increasing trade, foreign and coastwise, from the valley of that noble river, now embracing half the sovereign States of the Union. With that island under the dominion of a distant foreign power, this trade, of vital importance to these States, is exposed to the danger of being destroyed in time of war, and it has hitherto been subjected to perpetual injury and annoyance in time of peace. Our relations with Spain, which ought to be of the most friendly character, must always be placed in jeopardy, whilst the existing Colonial Government over the island shall remain in its present condition.

"Whilst the possession of the island would be of vast importance to the United States, its value to Spain is, comparatively, unimportant. Such was the relative situation of the parties when the great Napoleon transferred Louisiana to the United States. Jealous as he ever was, of the national honor and interests of France, no person throughout the world has imputed blame to him for accepting a pecuniary equivalent for this cession.

"The publicity which has been given to our former negotiations upon this subject, and which may be required to effect the purpose, render it expedient, before making another attempt to renew the negotiation, that I should lay the whole subject before Congress. This is especially necessary, as it may become indispensable to success that I should be intrusted with the means of making an advance to the Spanish Government immediately after the signing of the treaty, without awaiting the ratification of it by the Senate. I am encouraged to make this suggestion by the example of Mr. Jefferson, previous to the purchase of Louisiana from France, and by that of Mr. Polk, in view of the acquisition of territory from Mexico. I refer the whole subject to Congress, and commend it to their careful consideration."

Congress is a again urged to pay the Spanish claimants in the Amistad case.

The President's views on the subject of the Isthmus routes accord with the policy heretofore announced by Mr. Secretary Cass. His only desire is to keep these routes open. He asks no other privileges for the United States than those which other nations enjoy. But he will not consent that they shall be closed through the imbecility of the nations who reside near these routes.

He regrets that the Nicaragua route has been closed, and speaks of the necessity of enforcing our claims against Costa Rica.

He alludes to Mexico as in a condition of civil war, with scarcely any hope of a restoration to a permanent government. He also refers to the causes which led to the recent rupture of our diplomatic relations with that country, and speaks well of our Minister Forsyth's efforts there.

If it were not for the hope of obtaining justice from the liberal party which now appears to be approaching to power in Mexico, the President would recommend the taking possession of a portion of Mexico, sufficiently large to indemnify us for all our claims and grievances against her.

The President then refers to that portion of Northern Mexico which borders our own territories, and says there are considerations which claim our attention there. We are interested in the peace of that neighborhood.

The lawless Indians enter our settlements in Arizona, and there seems to be no other way in which this difficulty can be removed than by establishing military posts in Sonora and Chihuahua. He recommends that this should be done, in view of the fact that Mexico itself is in a state of anarchy and imbecility, and therefore unable to protect its own frontiers.

With regard to the Tariff, the President reaffirms his former opinion in favor of a specific duty on certain articles, and submits the whole tariff question to the consideration of Congress.

He then calls attention to the Pacific railroad, and refers to the overland mails as showing the practicability of the route.

Among other subjects, he reiterates his recommendation to establish a territorial government over Arizona.

LEGISLATION AGAINST SLAVERY IN VERMONT.

WE were mistaken in saying, as we did last week, that the Legislature of Vermont had adjourned without passing a Personal Liberty law. A law "to secure freedom to all persons within the State" *was* enacted by decided majorities in both Houses, and approved by the Governor. The bill was reported by the Special Committee of the House, appointed to consider the subject of "slavery, the Dred Scott Decision and the action of the Federal Government thereon." The Committee supported the bill and certain resolutions which they proposed for the adoption of the Legislature in an extended and able argument, which the House ordered to be published in pamphlet form, and which is now before us. It is understood to have been written by the Chairman of the Committee, R. V. Marsh, Esq. It describes the legal consequences of the Dred Scott decision, showing how it undermines the foundations of personal freedom and invades the sovereignty of the States, carrying slavery everywhere within the national jurisdiction, and leaving the free States no alternative but submission or resistance. It takes the ground that "*Slavery is an outlaw everywhere outside of a slave State;*" that the provision of the Constitution for the surrender of "persons held to service or labor" has no relation to slaves; that the Fugitive Slave law of 1850 is unconstitutional, and that it is the right and duty of the States to protect fugitive slaves by special enactments adapted to enforce the principles of the common law. We give some extracts:

"At no period since the adoption of the Constitution and the formation of the American Union has there been a time which, in the opinion of your Committee, was so fraught with peril to that Constitution and Union as the present. Principles have been advanced and doctrines avowed and acted upon by the Chief Executive of this nation, endorsed by a party majority in Congress, and promulgated from the Bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, which if practically enforced, would subvert the sovereignty of the States of this Union. If practically enforced, they would destroy those cherished State Rights held so sacred by the Fathers of the Republic, by the National Judiciary and by the whole Democracy of the country, from Thomas Jefferson and Chief-Justice Marshall down to the advent of some of the recent Administrations of this government.

"If these doctrines be enforced as constitutional law, then are the lives, the liberty and the property of the citizens of this State without protection. Citizens of Vermont and of the Free States can be reduced to slavery with impunity, their persons imprisoned and their property destroyed without remedy. That bond of union called the Constitution of the United States, instead of 'establishing justice, promoting the general welfare, or securing the blessings of liberty,' is made instrumental in the destruction of all these. Instead of cherishing and protecting the civil and political rights of the citizen and of the States, this Constitution is used by its expounders and administrators as an instrument to subvert and annihilate these rights. If this condition of things is to continue, no free State could exist. It would be an anomaly, a contradiction of terms, an utter impossibility for Freedom and Slavery to exist and flourish together at the same time. One or the other must eventually yield to its inevitable doom. No free community or free man would submit to remain as a partner or member of a union where his dearest and most cherished rights were cloven down and destroyed."

"This doctrine, that slavery exists and is protected in the Territories, proceeds upon the ground that slaves are *property*, and recognized as such by the Constitution of the United States. If this position be true, then, certainly, the slaveholder, as a citizen of the United States, is invested with the right to take and enjoy that property wherever the jurisdiction of the Federal Government extends. In other words, the Constitution of the United States recognizes and protects the right of property in human beings, and carries this protection wherever its authority extends. He is protected in the right on board of national vessels on the high seas, and wherever the national flag carries the national property. Wherever Federal law or Federal power prevail, he is protected in this right, whether on the land or the sea, whether in the Territories or the States. Whether the Federal Government own a foot of land, a fortification or a public building, an island, a harbor, or a break-water—whether in or out of the States—*there* the slaveholder has a right to take his slaves, and enjoy his property in them, unmolested.

"Nay, more: if property in slaves be a constitutional right (and it is so distinctly affirmed by the President and the Supreme Court), then that same Court might, with equal truth, declare that the slaveholder has also the right to take and enjoy this species of property in all the States of the Union, under that clause of the Constitution which gives to the citizens of each State all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States. If he has the personal right of going from one State into another State, then might the Court say he has the same right to take and enjoy *any* property which the Constitution of the United States recognizes and protects as such. And if this be a right *at all*, it is not a mere temporary right, to be enjoyed while passing through the State, but to continue for such time as any citizen slaveholder shall be pleased to remain in such State. If the Constitution does not limit the time he is to continue in such State, neither does it limit the time beyond which the right ceases to hold and enjoy his property. This doctrine, thus applied, would convert every State into a slaveholding State, precisely as it now makes every Territory a slaveholding Territory; and no State or Territory could escape its consequences. No State or Territory would have the right to exclude slavery from its limits. The trembling tread of the slave might be seen among the green hills and along the valleys of New England, which, in Elysian dreams, we had long fancied were consecrated as the home of the free."

"By this decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, citizens of Vermont, and of the free States, have no right, while in another State, to defend or protect their lives, their liberties or their property, whenever or wherever those rights are invaded. They have no right to sue the citizens of another State in defence of those rights. They cannot be made a party to any such suit. They are declared *outlaws* by their own government, with no rights which the President, Congress or the Supreme Court are bound to respect. They are declared not to be citizens of the United States, and why then should the Union of the States be of value to them?

"Your Committee cannot contemplate, without foreboding and alarm, the condition in which the citizens of this and of the other free States are placed by the decision of this Court. Citizens, freemen, who have been born in our midst, who have resided with us their whole lives, who have cultivated their farms and paid their taxes for the support of government, happen, from inclination or business to visit another State of the Union. The Constitution of the United States secures to every citizen, wherever he chooses to go, within its jurisdiction, all the privileges and immunities of a citizen in the several States. Yet in defiance of this solemn guarantee and constitutional right, he is thrown into prison, or, by the strong arm of power, reduced to slavery. Nay more, he may be kidnapped from his fire-side, from his home in his native State; transported into another State, and there branded as a slave and held as such by mere physical force. What is his remedy? Can he testify in a Court of justice? Can he sue in the Courts and recover his freedom? He makes the attempt, and the wretch who claims him has an easy task to perform. He enters a simple plea to the jurisdiction, and his work is done—his victim is secure. No law, say these Judges, State or Federal, can relieve him, and no power, save that of the Almighty, can restore him his lost rights. Human laws and human redemption are powerless."

"Thus your Committee perceive that by these doctrines and by these decisions of the Federal Administration and the Federal Judiciary, if carried out to their legitimate conclusion, Vermont is powerless, and every free State is powerless, in defence of their own citizens. Their State sovereignty is gone. They are mere satellites, feebly revolving round a great central power. One consolidated government, and one only exists, at the head of which stand the President and the Supreme Court. Like the upper and the nether millstone, these two powers are ceaselessly at work, crushing the rights and liberties of the masses as well as of the States.

"But these States, and the millions of people who inhabit them, will not always tamely acquiesce in these unconstitutional encroachments on their rights. The numerical strength and the moral power are with them, and, if *united*, as are the people of the South on all questions affecting *their* interests, the time is not distant when the Constitution shall be rescued from the hands of the destroyer, and the States and people restored to their lost rights—when freedom shall again be the rule and slavery the exception. Even now the indications are strong that submission has ceased to be a virtue."

The Report concludes as follows:

"In conclusion, then, and in review, after full examination and deliberation, your Committee would observe that, as one of the objects of the Constitution is to ESTABLISH JUSTICE, *we regard none of its provisions as conflicting with this object.* It is true that, in its name, wrongs and outrages may have been perpetrated; terror and desolation may have been carried to many a stricken heart, and thousands of innocent victims may have been sacrificed at its shrine—but none of these were ever sanctioned, or for a moment justified, by a single word in the Constitution. In its name, the citizens of the States have been, and may be again, enslaved, imprisoned, murdered, and the States deprived of their cherished rights; but it is a foul slander on the Fathers to assert that a Constitution, ordained by them, to secure the blessings of liberty, sanctions any such outrage—an outrage that does violence to the common sense of the civilized world. The reverse of all this is true. Like its great prototype, the Declaration of Independence, on which it is founded, it maintains the equality, in rights, of the human race.

"We plant ourselves, then, on this Constitution, and there we are determined to stand, firmly, unflinchingly, unmoved and unterrified by the combined assaults of Federal or of the Slave Power, whether manifested in Fugitive or Nebraska Acts, Presidential Proclamations or Dred Scott decisions. This Constitution, so perverted and maligned in high places, shall yet be made to do its appropriate work and fulfil its sacred mission. The time is coming when it shall cease to be made the instrument of tyranny and oppression to the millions of this continent; but shall become the harbinger of peace, the bond of union, and the great chart of Human Rights, securing, under its broad ægis, freedom to the whole people, of whatever condition. Then shall "liberty *and* union, now and forever, one and inseparable," be something more than an unmeaning generality, addressed to the popular ear to gain ephemeral applause. In letters of living light, it shall be written in the hearts of the American people, from the broad Atlantic to the still broader Pacific, and from the snows of the Northern zone to the glittering gold regions under a Southern sun: everywhere, and in all time, it shall be A PRACTICAL REALITY, A LIVING DEMONSTRATION."

We need not say what we think of this eulogium upon the U. S. Constitution, since our views in respect to the bearings of that instrument upon slavery are well known. It is immaterial, comparatively speaking, whether the Revolution by which alone slavery can be abolished shall be brought about by a new interpretation of the Constitution, or by setting it aside as inconsistent with the principles of freedom.

We subjoin the law enacted by the Legislature:

No. 54.—AN ACT TO SECURE FREEDOM TO ALL PERSONS WITHIN THIS STATE.

It is hereby enacted, &c.

SEC. 1. No person within this State shall be considered as property, or subject, as such, to sale, purchase, or delivery; nor shall any person, within the limits of this State, at any time, be deprived of liberty or property without due process of law.

SEC. 2. Due process of law mentioned in the preceding section of this act shall, in all cases, be defined to mean the usual process and forms in force by the laws of this State and issued by the courts thereof; and under such process such person shall be entitled to a trial by jury.

SEC. 3. Whenever any person in this State shall be deprived of liberty, arrested, or detained on the ground that such person owes service or labor to another person, not an inhabitant of this State, either party may claim a trial by jury; and, in such case, challenges shall be allowed to the defendant agreeably to sections four and five of chapter one hundred and eleven of the compiled statutes.

SEC. 4. Every person who shall deprive or attempt to deprive any other person of his or her liberty, contrary to the provisions of the preceding sections of this act, shall, on conviction thereof, forfeit and pay a fine not exceeding two thousand dollars nor less than five hundred dollars, or be punished by imprisonment in the State prison for a term not exceeding ten years: *Provided*, that nothing in said preceding sections shall apply to, or affect the right to arrest or imprison under existing laws for contempt of court.

SEC. 5. Neither descent, near or remote, from an African, whether such African is or may have been a slave or not, nor color of skin or complexion, shall disqualify any person from being, or prevent any person from becoming a citizen of this State, nor deprive such person of the rights and privileges thereof.

SEC. 6. Every person who may have been held as a slave who shall come or be brought, or be in this State with or without the consent of his or her master or mistress, or who shall come, or be brought, or be, involuntarily or in any way, in this State, shall be free.

SEC. 7. Every person who shall hold, or attempt to hold in this State, in slavery, or as a slave, any person mentioned as a slave in the sixth section of this act, or any free person in any form, or for any time however short, under the pretence that such person is or has been a slave, shall, on conviction thereof, be imprisoned in the State prison for a term not less than one year, nor more than fifteen years, and be fined not exceeding two thousand dollars.

SEC. 8. All acts and parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed.

SEC. 9. This act shall take effect from its passage.

Approved November 25, 1858.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday last, at 12 o'clock, the XXXVth Congress assembled at the Capitol in Washington. In the Senate, fifty members answered to their names.

After certain formal business had been disposed of, Mr. MASON, of Virginia, gave notice that he would call up, on Tuesday, the case of the Spanish schooner Amistad.

Messrs. SEWARD of New York, FESSENDEN of Maine, and others, objected to this claim being singled out, and Mr. Seward called for a vote on the question.

Permission was accorded, by yeas 24, nays 19.

At 1:40 p. m. the President's Message was delivered.

At the conclusion of the reading of the Message, Mr. BIGLER, of Pennsylvania, moved that 20,000 extra copies of it be printed.

Mr. HALE, of New Hampshire, said if the President had confined himself to an exposition of the relations of the country, he would not have taken this opportunity to make comments. But he had abused his constitutional prerogative and gone out of his way to interpolate a history of Kansas not in accordance with the truth of history. He (Hale) did agree fervently in the President's gratitude that Providence had interposed at a critical juncture in our affairs. Nay, the teachings of Providence had been brought to the President's own State and town, and, like Job, the good man feels the stripes, yet blesseth the rod. He (Hale) rejoiced that the foreign affairs were in so satisfactory a condition, but he had expected that the President would have enlightened the country as to the state of the relations with Austria, and why it was a new Minister had to be sent there so immediately after the Pennsylvania election. Even as the English maiden, Florence Nightingale, "with plastic hand of female affection," tended the wounded, here we have the President in a similar character—hovering about the battle field to pick up the wounded and send them to the Austrian hospital for recovery. Mr. Hale then went into further remarks on Kansas affairs, the Amistad case, &c., and defended his party from the charge of being agitators.

In the House, Mr. DEWART, of Pa., asked leave to introduce a resolution, instructing the Committee on Ways and Means to report a bill increasing the duty on coal and iron, and, at the request of several gentlemen, included lead, sugar, and such other articles as need protection against foreign competition. Objection was made. Mr. Dewart moved a suspension of the rule. Negatived, 102 against 87—a two-thirds vote being required. The vote shows a majority in favor of altering the Tariff.

The President's message, after the usual formalities, was read and referred to the Committee of the Whole.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, Mr. WILSON gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill appropriating a million acres of land to support free schools in the District of Columbia.

In the House, the resolution reported from the Committee on Foreign Affairs at the last session, requesting the President to take measures for the speedy abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, was taken up. Mr. RITCHIE, of Pennsylvania, moved to lay it on the table, but the motion was negatived by 90 yeas against 93 nays, and the resolution was then referred to the Committee of the Whole.

NORTHERN CUPIDITY.—*The* (Richmond) *South*, in a recent article upon the slave trade, said:

"There is not likely to be any serious controversy at the South concerning the slave trade. Its immediate revival is neither desired nor deemed possible by any considerable number of persons in the slaveholding States. If reopened at all, it will *be by the influence, through the exertions, and to gratify the cupidity of Northern money-changers and ship-owners.* There is the real point of danger, which those who abhor the slave trade should watch with vigilance.

"That Northern ship-owners, ship-captains and sailors are itching to transport wool and ivory from the African coast to the waters of the United States, *The Tribune* very well knows; and unless prevented by the slaveholders of the South, we verily believe that they will be busily engaged in this enterprise in a less period of time than twenty years from to-day. That way events are tending, and we shall not be surprised to see the North again forcing slaves upon the reluctant people of the Southern States, as was done at the very beginning in this country. Of this let Southern people take notice, and especially such as desire to see the African slave trade renewed. Their policy is to keep still and let Yankee cupidity follow its inclinations. The horrors of the 'middle passage' are as nothing in the eye of avarice when bright shining gold is waiting the termination of the voyage."

There is truth in this, but the scoundrels at the North who would be glad to restore the foreign commerce in human flesh are of the very class by whose aid the slaveholders have always controlled the affairs of the National Government. It is hardly fair in *The South* thus to abuse its own allies, the banker Whigs and cotton Democrats of the North.

SEWARD'S ROCHESTER SPEECH.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

MR. SEWARD has made a speech, and various Abolitionists are in ecstasies. Even our STANDARD eulogises it, repeatedly, editorially, and sundry of its correspondents do the same; while hardly any one criticises or condemns it. Why is this? So far as can be seen, simply because Mr. Seward utters one great truth, and one great falsehood; and these two utterances so excite the jubilant feelings of Abolitionists that they hardly stop to notice the venerable age of the platitude of truth which he utters, or the stupendousness of the falsehood over which they are so jubilant, seeming utterly to overlook the various absurdities and loose misstatements and blunders of the rest of the speech, whereby he incoherently attempts to hang this "remarkable" effort together in form to carry him, by the shortest route, to the Presidential chair.

The truth he utters is this: "That freedom and slavery cannot coëxist harmoniously in the same government." And it is just as proper for us to go into ecstasies thereat as it would have been had he said that oil and water or fire and gunpowder could not successfully be amalgamated. Abolitionists have always uttered this truth, and nobody but a few ultra Southern fire-eaters have openly denied it. And yet it is a wonder that a Northern politician should have uttered it, when we consider the fact that the sole business of these men, for many years past, has been to arrange the terms whereby these eternal antagonisms can be reconciled to live harmoniously together, and Mr. Seward has labored with the rest, and this very speech looks to the same end. Wherefore, then, should any friend of freedom exult over its absurdities?

The falsehood he utters is this: That the Republican party is organized upon and inspired by the principle of "equal and exact justice to all men." This is so extravagant and absurd a falsehood, upon the face of it, that it need not be referred to at all, were it not that so many have been so pleased with it as to appear really to believe it true. When did this Republican party ever utter such a principle in its organic action? Or when, having power over State governments, have they executed it? Search its platforms and programmes with care, and you find it not; but occasionally, as in the platform of the Ohio Republicans, you will find that their purpose is "the protection of free white labor." The *New York Tribune* says the same, and farther, that their programme has no care for the interests or even the rights of the negro, bond or free! "Equal and exact justice to all men," with a vengeance! And through abundant other great and little mouthpieces of the party, sufficient to show that it is a fair exposition of its principles, have the same infamous utterances been made. Indeed, Mr. Seward himself, just two years before this "remarkable" speech, said, at Oswego, that the Republican party have just two distinguishing principles, which were, first, the protection of free white labor; second, the exclusion of imported black labor.

And as to the execution of "equal and exact justice to all men," let the disfranchised colored man in Republican New York, in Republican Ohio, or Connecticut, or Wisconsin, or Iowa, or Minnesota, or Kansas even, tell us where and when Republicans have given it to him. But Mr. Seward ingeniously tells us that we must not judge the party of the future by the past; they are not obliged, it may not be politic, or possible, to tell to day all they intend, or may do to-morrow. That is plausible, but would be more so were it not that the Hales, the Wilsons, the Chases, the Greeleys, the Beechers, and "Tray, Blanche, Sweetheart" and all, have continually cried out, "This is all we want now or ever"; "stop the extension of slavery, and we ask no more"; "we have no war on slavery itself; we are its true conservators and best protectors"; "we limit our action by the Federal Constitution, and will be true to all its obligations and compromises"; and to this utterance at least Mr. Seward, in this very speech, says amen! If the Republican party is the party of freedom, how happens it that the discovery is just made, and by a single individual only? But, says some one, this is what it is to be—what Mr. Seward is to make it; indeed he is; and did not J. R. Giddings do something towards urging the party up higher, and did not his district, the most anti-slavery district of the West, repudiate him therefor, and put a more supple tool in his place? Why exult over Mr. Seward's plan, if such it is, till its success is sure? He tells us in one place that the United States Constitution, which is the programme and sum of all his action, was designed by the framers to secure "equal and exact justice to all men"; that it is a Constitution for freedom, and not for slavery; and in another place he admits that it specially allows slavery during the good (or evil) pleasure of the States. Again he says that it is a republican, and not an aristocratic, Constitution; and then he tells us of the three-fifths representation provision, which creates the most hateful and despotic of aristocracies. He tells us that the Constitution interdicted the slave trade, "at all times, in all places and under all circumstances whatsoever." And then he tells us of the danger of its being reopened by act of Congress, which could not be done were the interdiction in the Constitution (as it is not), for it takes a three-fourths vote of the individual States to alter any constitutional provision, although Mr. Seward loosely states it as a two-thirds vote of the States. He tells us that the Fathers were actuated by the same spirit and purpose that now move the Republican party and which once actuated the Democratic party, viz., "equal and exact justice to all men," and therefore the entire destruction of slavery and the entire establishment of freedom. The purposes of the Fathers have not been hitherto attained, because, he tells us, the Democratic party being in possession of the government, and repudiating their professions (for what cause he does not show us), they have become the tools and agents of the Slave Power. These purposes are to be attained by the success of the Republican party, in overthrowing the Democratic, and wielding the government upon their principles, which he credits to the Fathers, the Constitution, and the Republican party. Why they will be more successful in maintaining their integrity than the Democratic party have been, he does not tell us. And in these neglects lie the whole secret of the matter.

In the first place, the Constitution does not contain Mr. Seward's formula of equal and exact justice to all men. Whatever might have been the desires of *some* of its framers, they were overruled, and it was left out, while, by his own showing, slavery and aristocracy were put in. This makes it the polluting thing that it is. Can a man touch pitch and not be defiled? The Democratic party have been, and the Republican will be, even were they as pure as Mr. Seward tells us, for they swear by the same shibboleth allegiance to a slaveholding Constitution. This is the fatal shirt of Nessus that destroys all that wear it. No one can work out the fearful problem better than have the Fathers, or the Democratic party. Given Slavery, to find Freedom! impossible! Gabriel himself could not do it; nor power in heaven or earth, or under the earth, can from such a premise work out such result. From slavery you cannot reach freedom; the first allowed and guaranteed, by his own showing, the latter cannot ensue or be brought as a sequence, or at all, while the premise is maintained.

Mr. Seward ought to know this, and probably does as well as any one else; and this speech, so seemingly bold and grand in some points yet so loose and incoherent in others, is probably a speech to Buncombe, which important personage he hopes will be so well pleased at this intended bit of the popular feeling that it will straightway elect him to the Presidency. And then *he* will have *his* reward, whether misery or joy may ensue to the slave.

When will the people at large, and some Abolitionists in particular, cease to be gulled by glittering bubbles of rhetoric, or reputed cool, statesmanlike and apparently logical political speeches, that aim more at the elevation of the individual than to the promulgation or application of great truths? When! when!

J. A. M.

Worcester, Nov. 20, 1858.

FAITHFUL PREACHING.—We copy the following paragraph from the Detroit *Tribune* of Nov. 26th. The preacher, whose condemnation of slavery so touched the conscience of the U. S. Marshal, was settled, some years since, as the successor of the Rev. Samuel Hanson Cox, D.D., over the First (New School) Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn. He removed to Detroit, we believe, within the last year.

"Quite a funny scene occurred in the Avenue Presbyterian Church on Thursday, during the preaching of the Thanksgiving Sermon, by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Hogarth. He spoke openly and plainly upon the sin of slavery, and the manner in which it is endeavoring to debauch the public morals and stifle the remonstrances of religion. His condemnation of the accursed system was fearless, eloquent and truthful. When he was over half through, the U. S. Government present, as personified by our worthy Marshal, John S. Bagg, Esq., couldn't stand the outspoken criticism of one of the ministry, who imitated the memorable example of John Knox in condemning its faults to its face, and the government thus represented, very gravely left its pew and walked down the broad aisle and disappeared through the front door, and was soon after followed by another gentleman, whose name we don't

HELPER'S IMPENDING CRISIS.

A NUMBER of prominent citizens of both free and slave States have combined in an appeal to the public in behal

know. The pastor kept on his preaching, and the balance of the congregation, on whose faces many a smile was provoked, kept on listening to the sermon—and liking it too. It is too late to silence the pulpit on this great sin, and we rejoice that it can and will speak of this as of any other offence committed against God and man."

Mr. Hogarth might, after the retirement of the indignant Marshal, have congratulated himself and his congregation, as a celebrated Scotch parson did under similar circumstances, that he had for once been clothed with power to cast out devils!

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

THE Twenty-third Anti-Slavery Fair of Pennsylvania will be opened, in Sansom Hall, Philadelphia, Tuesday evening, the 14th of December, and will be held during the following three days.

A great variety of articles, useful and beautiful, will be offered for sale, at market prices.

Articles of Ladies' Dress; of Silk and Worsted fabrics; Aprons, Hoods, Nubias, Sontags, Sleeves, Collars, etc.; Children's Clothing, in still greater variety; Sacks, Aprons, Hoods, very nice knitted Woolen Shirts for infants; Stockings, Mittens, Scarfs, Polka Jackets, Socks, etc.

Large contributions have been made to the Fair by friends of the cause in Great Britain, among which will be found Drawings, Needle-work of various kinds, and collections of Ferns and Grasses valuable to Botanists.

A large and beautiful piece of Worsted Embroidery, from Harriet Martineau. The value of this gift is greatly enhanced by the fact that it is the handiwork of this devoted friend of the slave.

Gaily embroidered Anti-Macassars, for Gentlemen. A few articles of the beautiful and well-known Hingham Wooden Ware.

The Book and Stationery Table will present its usual assortment of Books and Stationery, and some choice collections of Fancy Articles, including handsomely embroidered Table Covers, of various sizes and fabrics, from abroad.

Travelling Writing Cases, very beautiful, and furnished with De La Rue's paper.

Paintings and Engravings, views in Scotland and Wales.

Travelling Bags, Portmonnaies, Vases, Cologne Bottles, etc., etc.

The Toy Table will be made very attractive to our little friends, who are looking forward with bright anticipations to the Fair. It will be abundantly furnished with Toys of various kinds.

Upon the tables at our Fair will be found many articles of household use, and of apparel, which our friends must purchase somewhere; and by procuring them of us, they may substantially aid our cause, without any extra outlay of money. An opportunity is, also, thus afforded for combining the gratification of benevolence and affection, by the purchase of Christmas and New Year's gifts at our Fair.

The public is assured that the Managers of this Fair desire that purchasers shall receive an equivalent for their money, and therefore great care is taken, in adjusting the prices of articles, not to exceed their market value.

Admission fee, 13 cents. Season Tickets, 25 cents.

PREMIUM FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE STANDARD.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—We invite attention to the prospectus of this work in our advertising column. Our opinion of the work we need not now repeat; but we have an announcement to make, which we hope may result in a considerable addition to our own subscription-list. By an arrangement with Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., we are enabled to offer the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD and *The Atlantic Monthly* together, to new subscribers, for the coming year, for $4.00. Any person, therefore, who will procure one new subscriber to THE STANDARD and forward us the money ($2.00) in advance, can have *The Atlantic* by enclosing $2.00 more in the same letter. The subscription price of the latter is $3.00. The person procuring the subscriber may either share with him the reading of *The Atlantic*, or retain the latter for his own exclusive use. Are there not a considerable number of our readers, especially among the young, who will be glad to avail themselves of this means of aiding the anti-slavery cause and at the same time obtaining the best literary periodical in the United States? Names to be sent in on or before the first of January, 1859. Direct, "*National Anti-Slavery Standard*, New York."

PERSONAL.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher drew such an audience at the Mechanics' Hall, Worcester, to hear his lecture on "Sympathy," that $700 was taken at the door. The lecture paid the expenses of all the lectures for the whole course.

Joseph A. Howland, of Worcester, Mass., was in New York on Tuesday last, on his way to Ohio, where he will unite with Benjamin S. Jones in an anti-slavery lecturing tour. Mr. Howland is an agent of the American, Mr. Jones of the Western, Anti-Slavery Society.

John Adams Jackson, the young sculptor, whose busts of Dr. Lyman Beecher, H. W. Longfellow, Wendell Phillips, Wm. Lloyd Garrison and others, evince talent of a high order, has come to New York in the hope of finding a wider field for the exercise of his professional skill. We hope he may meet with the success he so richly deserves. Specimens of his work may be seen for a short time at the studio of his friend, Mr. Elward Nichols, in the Artists' Building in Tenth street. His busts of Garrison and Phillips—wonderful for their resemblance to the living originals—may be seen in this office.

Dr. Holmes told the story of the heroine of his poem "Avis," in the last *Atlantic*, at the close of a lecture in Charlestown recently. It seems that a little colored girl was brought to the State Industrial School for Girls at Lancaster, in such a state of disease as to present a most revolting spectacle to all connected with the establishment. It seemed as if nobody would care to touch her, or could look at her without disgust and dread. Under these circumstances "Avis" volunteered to take charge of her, and did so night and day, "giving body and soul to her," as Dr. Holmes says, until she was restored to life and health.

The Boston *Advertiser* of the 4th inst. contains the following paragraph:

"We have seen a private letter from Hon. Charles Sumner, dated at Paris, Nov. 18th. It will be recollected that after the prolonged application of fire to the spine, last summer, an interval of two months was prescribed by the physicians in order to give time to judge of its effects. That interval having elapsed, Mr. Sumner returned to Paris, where he found the physicians 'charmed with the progress and the prospect for the future.' On the day succeeding that on which this letter was written, a consultation of physicians would be held, consisting of Dr. Trousseau, the most eminent practitioner in Paris; Dr. George Hayward, our townsman, and Dr. Brown-Séquard. They would decide whether the fire treatment must be continued. On the result of this consultation depend Mr. Sumner's future movements."

Robert Dale Owen, in a letter to a friend, thus describes the last scene in the life of his father:

"It is all over. My dear father passed away this morning at 6 3-4 o'clock, and passed away as gently and quietly as if he had been falling asleep. There was not the least struggle—not a contraction of a limb or muscle—not an expression of pain on his face. His breath gradually became slower and slower, until at last it ceased so imperceptibly that even as I held his hand I could scarcely tell the moment when he no longer breathed. His last words, distinctly pronounced about 20 minutes before his death, were, 'Relief has come.' About half an hour before, he said, 'very easy and comfortable.' His great object appeared to be to convince us that he did not suffer, and that he was satisfied with our attentions to him. He is to be buried on Mouday next, in the same vault in which his father and mother lie. The rector, Mr. John Edwards, who has kindly called upon him five or six times since he has been here, will officiate."

Joshua R. Giddings lectured twice in Boston last week; first, before the Mechanic Apprentices' Library Association, upon "The Trial of J. Quincy Adams in Congress for the Presentation of a Petition purporting to come from Slaves," and secondly, in the Fraternity Course, upon "The Reminiscences of Twenty Years' Service in Congress." These subjects were treated in a manner which afforded great satisfaction to numerous audiences. Subsequently, Mr. Giddings received from some of his political friends in Boston a complimentary dinner, at which Senator Wilson presided. Mr. G., on being introduced by the Senator, made an eloquent speech. Gov. Banks, Hon. Charles Francis Adams, Charles Hale, Esq., Mr. Bird and others, also spoke. Mr. Banks, says the *Advertiser*, spoke in strong terms of the grave mistake made by the people of Mr. Giddings's district in preferring to send another representative in his place, saying it would take twenty years to educate any other man before he could hope to be able to serve them so well. This sentiment was cordially applauded by the company, and frequent allusions were made to the same effect by other speakers. Mr. Adams spoke of the inestimable value of Mr. Giddings's services to the nation as an experienced and intelligent guardian of the treasury, against a corrupt and extravagant use of the public funds for partisan purposes.

POLITICS.

In consequence of a bitter feud in the Democratic party, the Municipal election in this city on Tuesday resulted in the election of Robert T. Haws, the Republican candidate for Comptroller, 5 Republican to 4 Democratic Aldermen, and a large majority of Republicans for school officers.

John Letcher has been nominated by the Democrats of Virginia as their candidate for Governar. The struggle between the Hunter and Wise factions was severe, but the former triumphed by a large majority. The result is a discouraging one to those who are seeking to make Douglas the nominee of the party for President in 1860.

The Administration has suffered another signal defeat in Democratic "Old Berks." Glancy Jones, it will be remembered, was defeated in the Congressional canvass in October by 19 majority. He thereupon resigned his seat in the present Congress and accepted a Foreign mission from the President. Wm. H. Keim, anti-Administration, has been elected to fill the vacancy, by a majority of 459 over Wanner, the friend and partisan of Buchanan.

Rev. A. T. Foss, now lecturing in Illinois, writing from that State to *The Bugle*, says:

"Well, Stephen Arnold Douglas has been triumphant in the recent election in this State. Many of the better sort of Republicans believe that he owes his triumph mainly to the hesitating, apologetic manner in which the canvass was conducted by Mr. Lincoln and his Republican friends. They made no real issue with Douglas on the slavery question. In hatred and proscription of the colored man Lincoln and Douglas stood side by side. Thousands of the Republicans did not and would not vote for Lincoln. If Lincoln had conducted the canvass with the bold anti-slavery front of Owen Lovejoy, then, like him, he might have triumphed. No sensible man doubts that if Lovejoy had hesitated and wavered like Lincoln, like him he would have been defeated. Everybody loves courage; audacity commands respect even in a bad cause. Douglas was bold, defiant and audacious in his announcements of as black diabolisms as were ever conceived in the heart of a fiend, and uttered by the mouth of man. He has triumphed; but liberty loses nothing in the defeat of Abram Lincoln."

Senator Crittenden, from Kentucky, stopped awhile in New York on his way to Washington, and, being waited upon by a party of Silver Gray Whigs and Know-Nothings, made a patriotic speech, in which he revealed his anxiety to be President of the United States by vehemently protesting that he was not a candidate. His self-abnegation and love of country was proclaimed with Peckswiffian unction. His anxiety to restore the government to its pristine purity was most touching. And how did he propose to do it? Why, by putting down the anti-slavery agitation, of course. Hear him:

"You need not ask my counsel as to what is necessary to be done. It is true that this agitation should cease; that people should pause and take breath; that parties should see what way they are drifting. What is the result of all this agitation—I will not mention its name? I am sick of this negro question—sick to the very heart, and I would to God that we could go back to the days when our forefathers lived together in peace and harmony. What is the result of this agitation? A united people divided, and a sectional line almost severing the Union. And with that sectional line comes sectional strife, and sectional enmities of the bitterest character, that must ultimately end in disaster to the Union, unless her patriotic and conservative sons come to the rescue and calm the troubled waters."

Mr. Crittenden would stop this dreadful agitation, not by removing the cause, but by making the Northern people so indifferent to the crime of slavery that they shall not care to make any protest against it. His idea of "primitive simplicity and virtue" is, after all, a state of moral rottenness in which the people shall care nothing for the wrongs of millions of their fellow-creatures or for the principles of human liberty!

THE TWENTY-FIFTH

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

THE undersigned, who have, for so many years, done what they could to promote the ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE, financially and otherwise, through the medium of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, will, as usual, hold their (twenty-fifth) Anniversary at the close of the year, with the same purpose of still further strengthening the beneficial influences of that Society, moral, religious and political, for the extinction of slavery.

At the beginning, before the principles of the cause were understood, we could not, with the slightest hope of success, ask of the public, whose affair it is no less than our own, direct contributions of money. We therefore devised an Annual Bazaar for the sale of contributions of articles; and it afforded an opportunity of great usefulness, both financial and social, to the cause.

But the changed state of the public mind now suggests greater directness in the method and increase in the usefulness of this anniversary; and we propose, this year, to give our usual sums and take up our accustomed collections by direct cash subscription; and we entreat the friends, both at home and abroad, who have been wont to cooperate with us, to do the same, nothing doubting the result will much exceed the sum ($3,000) raised last year.

To our Southern friends we present this prospect with increased hope of their cooperation in consequence. For, as none better than they know what slavery and the daily increasing risks of its tenure are, so none have a deeper concern in seeking the most effectual means of putting an end to this common sin and suffering of our native land.

The money we have annually raised has been hitherto employed to sustain the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society. But, following the recent indication of the Executive Committee, in making individual efforts to place that paper on a self-supporting subscription basis, we shall enable them to devote the result of our *joint* financial effort to sustain eloquent and faithful lecturers, now so much needed, and in far greater numbers than heretofore.

By this plan we may accomplish double the amount of service to our cause, and thus furnish its friends and our own with a two-fold motive to continue and increase their contributions.

No words from us at this late day are needed to stimulate a *prudent* generosity by description of all the means that go to change the mind and the heart of a great nation on the central question of its policy; or to kindle a *sublime* one by commendation of a cause identified with every thought that is ennobling and holy, with every hope that is august and magnificent, with every memory that is precious and sainted, with every idea that is consoling and beautiful, with every effort that is enlightening and beneficent, with every association that history, or poetry, or patriotism, or philanthropy, or Christianity, or life or death, have sanctified and blessed.

We cordially and respectfully invite the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, *the world over*, to meet with us at the close of the year (time and place named hereafter), to receive our subscriptions, our good wishes and our thanks; and to unite with us on an occasion which, as the end of one quarter of a century of labours and the beginning of another, will be of no ordinary commemorative interest and prospective significance to THE CAUSE:

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,	LYDIA D. PARKER,
MARY MAY,	ELIZA F. EDDY,
LOUISA LORING,	ABBY FRANCIS,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,	SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
L. MARIA CHILD,	ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,	SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,	EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,	ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,	AUGUSTA G. KING,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,	ELIZABETH VON ARMIN,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,	ANNA SHAW GREENE,
CAROLINE WESTON,	ELIZA H. APTHORP,
MARY WILLEY,	MATTIE GRIFFITH,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,	MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
SUSAN C. CABOT,	ANNE LANGDON ALGER.

WANTED.—The *First*, *Second* and *Seventh* Reports of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY; also, the following Reports of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, viz., The *First* (1833). *Second* (1834). *Fourth* (1836). *Fifth* (1837). *Sixth* (1838). *Seventh* (1839). *Twelfth* (1844) and *Thirteenth* (1845).

Our readers and friends, who may have any of the above numbers to spare, will confer a favor upon the Anti Slavery Cause by sending such to the office, 21 Cornhill, Bosfon, to the care of SAMUEL MAY, Jr. If desired, a fair price will be paid for several copies of each Report.

"A FRIEND TO FREEDOM" should have sent us his name and address, not for publication, but as a guarantee of the truth of his statements.

OBITUARY.

For The Standard.

DIED, on the 30th of November, at Avondale, Chester Co., Pa., at the residence of Thomas Ellicott, Rebecca Crisfield, aged 70 years.

"Aunt Becky," as she was by all respectfully called, was a remarkable woman. Of pure African descent, and born and for many years a slave, yet few in any station exhibited higher qualities, or a greater capacity for the practical duties of life. Of strict integrity and unwavering devotion to the responsibilities of her position, her loss cannot be estimated.

Her perceptions were clear, her judgment sound, her decision prompt and unerring.

For twenty-one years she lived with the family in which she died, their faithful servant, adviser and friend.

To the refinement of the lady she added the grace of the Christian; fulfilling quietly her duties to God and man, in all things preferring others to herself.

Her patience under suffering, her faith in God, often and fervently expressed, and her resignation to the Divine will, are lessons forever to be remembered.

In that day when the Lord shall make up his jewels, will she be of them.

MEETINGS IN PHILADELPHIA.—On Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the 15th, 16th and 17th inst., in the afternoon, there will be held, simultaneously with the Fair, and in the same building (Sansom Hall), a series of anti-slavery meetings, to be addressed by Rev. W. H. Furness, William Wells Brown, Lucretia Mott, Robert Purvis, Mary Grew, Robert Collyer, Edward M. Davis, J. Miller McKim and others. There is much in the present aspects of the cause that is calculated to excite lively discussion and give zest to these meetings, and it is hoped they will be largely attended.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AN INQUIRY INTO THE LAW OF NEGRO SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA; to which is prefixed an Historical Sketch of Slavery. By THOMAS R. R. COBB, of Georgia. Philadelphia: T. & J. W. Johnson. Sold by J. Voorhies, 20 Nassau street, New York.

We introduced this work to our readers last week, reviewing, incidentally, some of its features. We turn to it again mainly for the purpose of saying that we hail its appearance as a cheering sign of the times. For a long period the slaveholders have affected to treat the arguments of Abolitionists with scorn, as too absurd to need any other reply than vehement denunciation and threats of violence. At length, however, they recognize the indispensable necessity of coming into court and making some attempt to defend the diabolical system to which, from considerations of the most selfish character, they cling with a death-like tenacity. The Anti-Slavery Movement, allying itself, as it does, with the noblest instincts of humanity, and arraigning the oppressor, in the name of justice and freedom, before the bar of an enlightened Public Opinion, has become so powerful that the champions of bondage dare not any longer stand mute. They must plead to the indictment, and at least make some show of answering argument with argument. For the protection of their favorite system they have, to the full extent of their power, annihilated the freedom of speech and the press, insomuch that, with some slight exceptions, the arguments against slavery cannot be offered on slave soil, except at the peril of death or imprisonment. If it were possible, they would punish as an incendiary the man who, in any quarter of the world, dares to testify against slavery; but, fortunately for the interests of humanity, their power is confined within narrow limits, and such is the nature of truth that, in spite of all obstructions, her light *will* penetrate even the darkness of the slave region, compelling an answer to her reproving voice.

It is worthy of remark, that while no Southern publisher could, with safety to his property or person, issue an anti-slavery work, this book in defence of slavery bears a Northern imprint. This fact not only illustrates the pernicious influence of slavery upon literary enterprise, but suggests the gravest inferences as to the sincerity of its champions. Southern men, while vehemently declaring their belief that slavery is a good thing, have no faith in the soundness of their own arguments; they know, in their inmost souls, that they do not speak the truth, and that the system cannot stand the test of free discussion. The enemies of slavery, on the other hand, have no distrust of the soundness of their doctrines, and therefore, when the slaveholder comes to the North to vindicate his system, so far from feeling any alarm, they are not only willing themselves to listen to all that he has to offer, but anxious that their fellow-citizens, of all parties, should give him audience. The slaveholders dare not meet an Abolitionist at the South in the field of argument, and therefore threaten him with death if he shall venture to open his mouth; while the Abolitionist desires nothing so much as to confront the slaveholder face to face, whether at the North or the South.

Nothing could be more damaging to slavery than this effort of Mr. Cobb to set it upon a foundation of reason and philosophy. The effort is so manifestly a failure that it must inevitably recoil, with terrible force, upon the system he so much admires and commends. So strong is our conviction of this fact that we would, were it in our power, put a copy of this work into every Northern household, as the surest means of deepening and intensifying the anti-slavery agitation. A deliberate vindication of highway robbery, murder or piracy would hardly be more revolting to the moral sense than this effort to conceal under plausible pretexts of logic the inherent wickedness of a system which dooms a whole race to servitude and chains. When the slaveholder, confessing that slavery is an evil, appeals to the forbearance of the North on acccunt of the assumed difficulties which lie in the way of a sudden emancipation, he may win a large measure of sympathy; but when he attempts to convince us that it is no violation of the Golden Rule to ignore the distinction between personality and property, to work men without wages under the lash, keep them in brutal ignorance, and buy and sell them, with their wives and children, like calves and pigs, he provokes an answer in the words which O'Connell once addressed to an American gentleman who proposed to discuss with him the rightfulness of slavery: "If a man were to propose to discuss with me the rightfulness of picking pockets, I would turn him out of my study for fear that he would put his principles into practice; and, meaning you no sort of offence (which I cannot mean to a gentleman who does me the honor of seeking my acquaintance), I would as soon discuss the one subject with you as the other." Every unperverted mind must feel, instinctively, the appositeness as well as the stinging force of this comparison; for indeed no higher insult could be offered to the common sense of mankind, to say nothing of the nobler sentiments of humanity, than to attempt, deliberately, to prove that it is *right* systematically to extort labor without compensation, under the stimulus of the lash, and doom a whole race to ignorance and degradation. The battle against slavery must be approaching its end, when the champions thereof are led, in their desperation, to attempt a task so revolting to the best instincts of human nature, and so repugnant to the law of God.

THE NEW TESTAMENT, translated from the original Greek, with Chronological Arrangement of the Sacred Books, an Improved Division of chapters and verses. By LICESTER AMBROSE SAWYER. Boston: John P. Jewett and Co.

The expectations in respect to the character of Mr. Sawyer's translation, which were excited in the public mind, in advance of its appearance, by various announcements in the newspaper press, have not been realized. In point of scholarship he may possess high qualifications for such a work, but he is certainly deficient in literary taste and judgment. His arrangement of chapters and verses is, unquestionably, a great improvement on that of King James's translators, though less convenient for reference. His variations from the common version are, in many instances, not only warranted by the original, but calculated to make more clear the meaning of the writers; but some of his changes offend alike our judgment and taste. For example:

Common version.—In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judea; And saying, Repent ye, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.—Matt. iii. 1, 2.

Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance.—Matt. iii. 8.

Sawyer's version.—In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judea, saying, *Change your minds*, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.

Bear fruit, therefore, worthy of a *change of mind*.

Common version.—Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: Because strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.—Matt. vii. 13, 14.

Sawyer's version.—Enter in through the narrow gate—for wide is the gate, and *spacious* the way which leads to destruction, and many are they that enter in by it; for narrow is the gate, and *compressed* the way, which leads to life, and few are those who find it.

We might give many other equally objectionable examples, but these are not the columns for an extended notice of such a work. We will simply add that we are not pleased with the substitution of the plural for the singular pronoun in cases where a single person is addressed. In thus conforming the text to modern usage, Mr. Sawyer followed what doubtless seemed to him a good abstract rule, but we like the old way best.

This translation will have a certain value for the critical student, but it can never be generally received in place of the old version.

THE TENANT-HOUSE; or, Embers from Poverty's Hearthstone. New York: Robert M. Dewitt, 160 Nassau street.

The Legislature of this State, in 1857, appointed a Committee of five members to make an examination of the manner in which Tenant-Houses were constructed in this city, and to consider what legislation was requisite and necessary to remedy the evils and afford full protection to the lives and health of the occupants of such dwellings." In pursuance of their duties, the Committee visited New York, and, accompanied by reporters for the daily press, penetrated to localities and witnessed scenes which, *in frightful novelty*, far exceeded the limit of their previously conceived ideas of human degradation and suffering. The duty of preparing the report of the Committee was assigned to Mr. A. J. H. Duganne. Upon the mass of startling facts embraced in that most sterling document, Mr. Duganne himself (at the request of the publisher) has written the work before us. The author has sought to illustrate, by fictitious examples, the sad realities of life among the poor who dwell in our crowded localities. His pictures, which we fear are not overdrawn, are well calculated to excite the sympathy of the philanthropist and induce the legislator to seek earnestly for a remedy for such appalling evils.

THE FOUR SISTERS: A Tale of Social and Domestic Life in Sweden. By FREDRIKA BREMER. Translated by Mary Howitt. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

Miss Bremer's merits as a writer of fiction are too well known in this country to need commendation. The story before us is certainly neither better nor worse for the change which the publishers have made (whether with or without the author's concurrence we do not know) in the title of the present edition. Call it "Hertha," or "The Three Sisters," as may please your fancy; under either name it is worth reading. It is a tale of social and domestic life in Sweden, and the author tells us, in her dedication of the book to "the blessed memory of the late A. J. Downing" of Newburgh, that it, of all her works, "has the deepest root" in her own "life and consciousness."

THE NEW TESTAMENT. New York: Collins and Brother, 82 Warren st.

We have here an edition of the New Testament, in which the usual division into chapters and verses is omitted, and the matter arranged in paragraphs marking the transitions from one subject to another. For convenience of reference, however, the chapter and verse with which each page commences are given at the top of the page. This arrangement of the text serves, we think, in many instances, to make clearer the meaning of the writers. It is a pity that the version of the Scriptures in general use is disfigured by divisions which in many instances dislocate the sense, and thus confuse the mind of the reader.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. New York: Rudd & Carlton.

We have here the series of humorous papers which were read with such universal delight in the first two volumes of *The Atlantic Monthly*, and which, it is not too much to say, contributed in a large degree to the unexampled success of that work. The book is illustrated by eight plates, from designs by Hoppin, viz.: "The Old Gentleman Opposite;" "The Landlady's Daughter;" "The School-mistress;" "The Young Fellow called John;" "The Poor Relation;" "Our Benjamin Franklin;" "The Port-Chuck;" "The Deacon."

MRS. PUTNAM'S RECEIPT BOOK, and Young Housekeeper's Assistant. New and enlarged edition. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

This book has been tested by the experience of many housekeepers, and found useful. The first edition was published eight years ago; the new one has been improved by large additions to the number and variety of the receipts, and by changes in some of the old ones. The author has also added "some suggestions with regard to furnishing the kitchen, and other domestic matters."

AGNES. A Novel. By the author of "Ida May." Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Sold in New York by A. S. Barnes & Co. Pp. 510.

Those who are induced to purchase this book by a remembrance of the enjoyment they found in the perusal of "Ida May" will not be disappointed. If it is not a fiction of the highest class, it is certainly much better than the majority of those which find their way into print. The author has in this, as in her former work, displayed talents which encourage us to hope for still better things from her pen.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 758, opens with the London *Quarterly's* review of Cardinal Wiseman's "Recollections of the last Four Popes." It is, of course, an interesting paper. We have also Part II. of "The Light of the Hearth" and several chapters of "Hanworth." Stanford and Delisser, 508 Broadway.

Summary.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS, EVERYWHERE, AND ALL DAY LONG.—"Lift up—you're on my dress."—*Punch*.

BAD GOSPEL FOR SLAVEHOLDERS.—A clergyman in Florida recently undertook to prove in a sermon that Africans had no souls. Prentice, of the Louisville *Journal*, says he had better be careful, for he can't expect his disciples to consent to go to heaven if they are not allowed any negroes there.

MARRIAGE OF KINDRED.—A bill has passed the House of Representatives of Georgia, by a vote of 56 to 52, prohibiting the intermarriage of first cousins, under a severe penalty, and cutting off the inheritance of issue. The preamble to the bill asserts that many deformations of mind and body are of congenial origin from the practice of near kindred intermarrying with each other.

CRUELTY TO SLAVES.—Two slaves were taken from Mrs. Faith, yesterday, and placed in jail, by order of the Court, until further disposition is made of them. It is alleged that the slaves have been subjected to great cruelty, and this action was taken on the affidavit of James Shanks, deputy chief of police.—*Louisville Courier, 28th ult.*

A new print will be shortly issued at Boston, the subject being suggested by the following stanzas in Whittier's "Maud Muller":

"Maud Muller looked and sighed! Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!"
* * * * *
"The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still!"

HASHEESH EATING.—A student in the senior class at Princeton came near losing his life by his imprudence in the experiment of "hasheesh eating." Although he only eat the quantity that is described as within the limits of safety, he became delirious under its influence, and, imagining that he was sentenced to be hung and had been appointed his own executioner, he escaped from his friends and endeavored to hang himself with his handkerchief. He was found and rescued, just in time to save his life.

A RASCALLY CHURCH MEMBER.—The Portland *Advertiser* speaks of a member of a church at Lock's Mills that, ten days ago, watched the remains of a departed friend, and during the night stole the dead man's coat, vest and hat, and wore them off. The wife of the deceased, a few nights after, dreamed that the man who sat up with the corpse had taken them, and that on being accused of the theft, said he purchased the articles of another person. On Sunday, the coat and hat were worn to church, and the sacrament partaken of by the wearer, who proved to be the thief, after denying it and saying that he purchased them of others; being the individual who watched on the night they were stolen.

AN ANTI-SLAVERY REVIVAL IN NORTH CAROLINA.—Rev. Daniel Worth, now preaching to the Wesleyan Churches in North Carolina, writes to the *Wesleyan* from Guilford that, at a recent camp-meeting at Sandy Ridge, thirty persons were converted and joined the Wesleyan Church. By so doing they avowed to the whole community their opposition to the system of slavery sustained in the State, as no slaveholders are permitted in the Wesleyan Church. Some of these converts were of the mob which, a few years since, hunted and expelled from the State the Wesleyan ministers who established these Churches, Messrs. McBride, Crooks and Bacon. The effect of this revival in North Carolina is quite different in its influence upon the slave from that exerted by most of the revivals of the North.—*A. S. Bugle.*

THE RUIN OF JAMIACA.—The English correspondent of *The Independent* writes, under a recent date: "The West Indies has now an Encumbered Estate Act, and the first sale under it took place last week. I cannot at the moment refer to the exact figures, but a tiny bit of the altogether ruined Island of Jamaica sold for something like a quarter of a million of dollars, which was paid at once, and the transfer formally communicated from the New Court, by the West India Mail despatched the same evening. Where is the estate in the flourishing South, and what its extent, which, without its human cattle and enforced labor, would sell at this rate?"

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.—I am informed that there exists in the Southern States a Southern League—one of whose aims is to augment the supply of negro labor in the planting States. They claim that the States themselves have a perfect right to make laws legalizing and regulating an African free-apprentice system, and that Congress has no power to interfere with or prohibit it. Starting with this claim, they are now engaged in operating upon the State of Mississippi, with the view to securing the enactment of a law under which to immediately carry out a system of African apprenticeship—or "the slave trade in disguise." If they succeed, we shall have a new contest before Congress in relation to its power to "regulate" this branch of "commerce" by suppressing it altogether.—*Cor. N. Y. Times.*

A small scientific party set out from Boston, a few days since, on an excursion to Buenos Ayres, with special reference to zoological and physiological researches. It was under the auspices of Mr. R. B. Forbes, one of Boston's most liberal sons, and friends of science. Prof. Jeffreys Wyman is the leading genius of the party, and Harvard College will be again enriched by the increased information and the treasures for the cabinet which he will lay at her feet on his return. Messrs. Saltonstall and Peabody accompany him as assistants, but there are not more than half-a-dozen in all. With a swift-sailing bark, all to themselves, furnished with every comfort and luxury, the scientific men may cheerfully exchange Boston east winds for the genial climate of Buenos Ayres, and make themselves the object of some envy in so doing.—*Bost. Cor. Evening Post.*

A HARD CASE.—A free colored man, named Richard Cale, who has a wife and family residing near Port Penn, was tried, last week, at New Castle, Delaware, on a charge of aiding and assisting a slave woman to escape from the service of her master. He was found guilty, to the surprise of a large number of persons who were present at the trial, sentenced to be whipped, to pay the costs of suit, and to be sold in or out of the State for a period of seven years. A number of the citizens of Wilmington and Port Penn, who know the man, and believe him to be innocent, have taken the case in hand, and efforts are being made to raise the means of his redemption. The slaveholders in Maryland and Virginia watch closely the proceedings of the Courts in Delaware; and when colored persons are to be sold out of the State, they generally purchase them, take them South, and sell them as slaves for life. They are seldom, if ever, heard from, unless parties interested themselves in their behalf. The case of Cale is an extremely hard one. Many persons believe that he would not have been convicted had not the prejudice against color outweighed other considerations.—*Del. Co. (Pa.) Republican.*

NORMAL SCHOOL FOR COLORED GIRLS IN WASHINGTON, D. C.—Miss M. Minor, is now in this vicinity collecting funds for the completion of the sum necessary to erect buildings on the lot which has been purchased by a Board of Trustees for the above purpose. It is a most laudable enterprise, in which this devoted lady has labored, and sacrificed ease and health, and almost life itself, as the martyrs do. The school has approved itself. Considering the embarrassing circumstances under which it has struggled, it has thus far fulfilled all reasonable expectations. We trust Miss Minor will not be suffered to return to Washington without procuring the $5,000 she wants for the Normal School, and we shall be glad to communicate to her any sums, large or small (large are preferred), placed in our keeping, at the office of the *Christian Inquirer*, 111 Broadway.

TWO MURDERS IN MISSOURI.—The St. Louis *Republican* has the particulars of two murders lately committed in Missouri. One occurred in Fulton, Calloway County. A white man, name not given, and a negro, were imprisoned on a charge of enticing slaves away. They were kept in jail at Fulton—the negro to be detained until he could be sold, and his white confederate to await trial. Mr. Nesbitt, the jailor, formerly Sheriff of Calloway County, repaired, a little after dark, to the apartment of his prisoners, to give them supper. As he entered the door the negro struck him over the head with an iron bar, killing him instantly. The two then made their escape and fled in the direction of Jefferson City. A party organized for the pursuit of the murderers, traced them to the river bank opposite that place, when all signs were lost. The second case is little less deplorable, as it may result fatally to the party assaulted, the present State Senator from the district composed of the Counties of Benton, Johnson and Henry, Mr. Goodlet. The latter resides in Henry County, but, a day or two since, was stopping in Warrensburg, the county seat of Johnson County, probably for the purpose of attending court there, as he is a lawyer by profession. We have no account of the circumstances that induced the assault further than that Mr. Goodlet was called upon to give his opinion in a case in which one Williams, a dentist, formerly of Jefferson, was an interested party. Mr. G. gave an opinion unfavorable to Williams, when the latter drew a knife and stabbed him.

MAIL CARRIERS TO THE SAUT AND LAKE SUPERIOR.—We met last night six of the mail carriers to the Saut and Lake Superior, who came down on Mineral Rock preparatory to returning with the mails. They are all Indians and half-breeds, and, with their old-fashioned *capuzeaux* coats and *copotes*, they present a wild and rugged appearance. One of them, John Busha, of the Saut, has been upon the route several years, and is celebrated for his speed and great power of endurance. The labors of these men are of the severest character. Over the ice and snows, through swamps and tangled forest trails, they wend their way; sometimes packing the mail, with the provisions for their trip, or, as they style it, voyage, upon their backs—at others, driving it before them on sleds drawn by trained dogs. In this way they traverse the country for hundreds of miles through the frosts and storms of winter, sleeping where night finds them, and deeming themselves specially fortunate if they can make their beds in the bosom of a deep snow bank. Their life is certainly one of great hardship, yet it would be difficult to make them regard it in any such light. It is said that they can accomplish almost indescribable distances in a single day upon their snow shoes.—*Detroit Free Press, 18th ult.*

LECTURES IN NEW HAVEN.—Our winter's course of lectures commences to-morrow evening with Henry Ward Beecher. It is a fearful experiment, and the wisest among us cannot tell where and how it will end. For our Committee, not having at heart the integrity of our glorious Union, "regardless of their social duty, and fatally bent on mischief," have placed on the list of lecturers the names of Beecher, Higginson and Cheever. To be sure these archtraitors have not selected very incendiary subjects. Beecher takes "Sympathy applied to Common Life"; Higginson announces "Physical Training for Americans"; Cheever takes "English Freedom in the days of Lord Erskine." Ah! but the difficulty is that no one knows what treason may lurk behind the innocent theme. Freedom in its thousand phases touches upon so many topics that, with a little ingenuity, it may be introduced with a plausible show of relevancy into the discussion of almost any subject. And what if the lecturer, after lulling his audience into a sense of security by the most harmless sentiments, should suddenly spring on them such a quotation as this:

"The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions; the most unremitting despotism on the one part, and degrading submission on the other!"

"Seward, of course!" exclaim half a dozen indignant patriots. Why, no, not precisely, in point of fact Thomas Jefferson; but, you know, it might have been Seward, and then what a blood-thirsty and devilish spirit would it not have disclosed.

And so *The Register*, burning with patriotic zeal, warns those of its party who can read against these sectional lecturers, and their seditious designs, and very properly holds up the Committee to the execration of the community.—*Cor. Tribune.*

SERMON ON THE PROGRESS OF THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE IN THREE HUNDRED YEARS.—Rev. Theodore Parker delivered a sermon, Sunday (Nov. 21), at the Music Hall, on "The Progress of the Anglo-Saxon Race in three hundred years," the occasion being the three hundredth anniversary of the accession of Elizabeth to the English throne. The sermon commenced with a description of the Queen and her times. She was, the preacher said, exceedingly well educated for her time, able to write, at an early age, in both the learned languages, and in several modern tongues, and expressed her thoughts in racy and idiomatic English. She had the good sense, in general, to summon about her able and wise men as counsellors, but was sometimes perverse in her judgment, and her favorites were often weak and foolish. She had so much of the sentiment of love, without any of its passion, that, till past the years of youth, and even of disc

Miscellaneous Department.

For The Standard.

WHY CALL ME LORD?

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"And why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?"—*Words of Christ.*

Why call me Lord? thou man of gold,
Thou who hast wronged the needy poor!
Thy lips abhorrent seek to hold
Communion through heaven's open door;
Away—go kneel to house and lands,
Thine idols, fashioned by thy hands.
Call me not Lord.

Why call me Lord? yon reeking Still,
Where murderous Mammon mixes blood
And death and pestilence at will,
Pours Ruin's hot and hellish flood
Till souls are steeped in brutish lust:
That Still is thine unholy trust.
Call me not Lord.

Why call me Lord? thy brother pines
For Freedom's fount, for learning's fold,
While, with thy sluggish lethean wines,
And viler drugs of mental mould,
Thou dar'st disfigure and degrade
The temples God himself has made.
Call me not Lord.

Why call me Lord? go clothe the poor,
Go feed the hungry, and unchain
The weary captive—to the door
Of guilt lure innocence again;
Lift up thy voice for God and man;
On every evil place thy ban;
Then call me Lord.

JOHN SINGER'S STORY.

JOHN SINGER'S name was a household word with us in the days of frocks and socks, when we were under the dominion of the nursery maid—to go to John's farm, and feast on curds and cream, being one of the grand delights of those unclouded days. John tilled a small holding in Wiltshire, and might have tilled it to the day of his death, as his father did, had he had, like his father, but one child: his off-spring, however, numbered seven before he had been wedded ten years; and as the land remained the same while the family increased exceedingly fast, he had to cast about for a better provision for them. The failure of some experiments, which, under this pressure, he was driven to make upon new and stubborn soil, deprived him of a good part of his capital, and disheartened him from any renewed attempt in that direction. He now began to think of emigrating. His wife, a busy, right-minded, active woman, made no objection to the step—if poverty was to come upon them, she said, she would rather face it abroad than at home. Just then the newspapers were teeming with prosperous accounts concerning settlers in the far west of North America, where land, it was said, was to be had for a nominal price and the trouble of clearing. The Singers made up their minds to go; and that point being decided, John lost no time in disposing of his lease, his farming-stock, produce, and implements, and in putting money in his pocket. There was quite a commotion in the district when the news got wind, and, as usual, a diversity of opinions on the subject. Some said that it was the best thing that Singer could do, seeing that he had such a large family; while others said it was flying in the face of Providence to throw up the farm on which the father had got a living for fifty years. The Singers paid small attention to these various verdicts, but busied themselves in settling their affairs; and in the course of a month or six weeks from the time of forming their resolution were ready for their departure.

Desirous of engaging an immediate passage for his numerous family, John set off to B——, and began a search for vessels about to sail. There were several in the harbor which would clear out within a month's time; but the charge for passage across the Atlantic was much higher then than it is now, and John, who had ample reasons for the practice of economy, was anxious to make the voyage as little costly as possible. Not much short of a hundred pounds was demanded by some of the captains for the accommodation he wanted—a sum he could not afford; and he was thinking of coming away and trying some other port, when he fell in with an agent who offered to introduce him to the captain of the Camden, who, he said, would take him and his family on his own terms. John followed the man to the basin, and boarded the Camden. She was but a small vessel, and was singularly dirty and disorderly; but the captain assured him she was sound and seaworthy, and would be in neat and tidy trim before she got into blue water. The terms the captain offered were temptingly advantageous, and he further proffered, for the use of Singer and his family, a strip of cabin in the middle of the vessel, in which they would be separated from all intercourse with the steerage passengers. This latter consideration decided the bargain. John paid half the stipulated sum as earnest; and as the vessel would positively sail on that day week, he lost no time in concluding his preparations, and getting his family on the spot, ready to embark when the moment of departure should arrive.

What follows is a matter of such momentous interest that we shall decline narrating it in the third person, and allow John Singer to tell the story himself, as we shudderingly heard it from his own mouth.

"It was the 25th of July," said John, "when, with my wife, seven children, and my wife's niece, I went on board the Camden in B—— harbor. We had never been to sea before, and we knew well enough that sea-sickness awaited us, and that we should most likely be all ill together for a day or two. I had made what preparation I could for this bad time, by providing some simple medicines, a small stock of spirits, and the means of procuring hot water at two minutes' notice. Sure enough, the sickness came, and a miserable time it was. The wife and children were all laid up in their berths before we were out of the Channel, and were unable to help themselves. I was sick too, and could have followed their example: but in that case we should have been all helpless together; so I forced a resolution, and waited on the rest as well as I could through it all.

"The youngest of the children got over it first; my wife suffered most, and we had been but five days at sea before she was sufficiently recovered to be able to come on deck. When at last she got into the fresh sea-air, it revived her at once—her appetite and strength returned, and her old cheerful spirits and activity as well. She set to work to put things in a comfortable trim, and made our cabin quite a parlor.

"We had reason to be thankful that we were separated in all respects from the steerage passengers. They numbered about fifty to sixty in all, and were not only of the poor and miserable, but of the dirty and degraded class. Nearly all were Irish, and about a third of them were women, who—I will say that for them, poor souls! were much better than the men, and did a good deal to restrain the violence of their conduct and language. I don't think the whole steerage could have mustered five shillings among them, and the greater part had nothing but rags for clothing. They subsisted entirely on the rations dealt out to them, and about these, and a small stock of tobacco which seemed to be common property, they were quarrelling day and night. Soon after sundown the captain sent them all below, and shut down the grated covering of the hatchway; but I noticed that he took continual care to ventilate their quarters, for he was afraid, as he told me, lest some virulent disease should break out among such a dirty set, and we without a doctor on board.

"Our crew consisted of eight men besides the mate and three boys; there were no cabin passengers, nor was there accommodation for any—the Camden carrying a good deal of merchandise, principally of rough Birmingham goods, such as are in use and demand among settlers and colonists. I was no sailor, as I said before, and ill qualified to judge of sea matters; yet I could not help thinking we made but slow progress, compared with other vessels. We were in the track of ships bound to New York, and I had noticed that one or two which hove in sight in our rear had overtaken and passed us in the course of a day. When I mentioned this to the mate, he said those vessels were liners, built for sailing, and not for trade, like the Camden—we were doing well enough.

"From the position of our cabin, I could hear, as I lay in my berth at night, not only every movement of the crew on deck, but also, when the weather was not rough—and it was mostly fine—every word that was said. To this circumstance I owe it that I am now a living man, and that I and mine are not lying fathoms deep in the devouring sea. One night, as I lay awake listening to the lap, lap of the water against the side, the voices of the captain and mate conversing in an undertone drew my attention. Some words that passed between them aroused my fears; I sprang out of bed, and, stealing to the door, overheard enough of the parley to make my blood run cold. I gathered that the vessel was leaking at all points through the strain of the cargo—that in spite of pumping to the utmost, the water gained upon them, and that it was the mate's opinion she would founder, do what they might, within twenty-four hours. The crew, of course, were not ignorant of their condition, and they would mutiny and seize the boats and abandon the ship unless relieved by some vessel in the course of the following day. The captain was plainly at his wits' end, and knew not how to act. To make the passengers aware of their position would be certain destruction to all on board, as nothing else could be expected but a desperate fight for life, in which the boats, hardly capable of containing two dozen people, would to a certainty be all swamped. A groan from the captain was the last sound I heard, as they turned away from the spot, still conversing together.

"You may suppose the trouble of my mind at this fearful discovery. I thank goodness it was not allowed to unsettle my wits, and so prevent me from doing what was best to be done. I thought it right not to oppress my wife and family with this bitter knowledge, so long as it could be avoided; and as I lay awake and listened to their breathing, I prayed to Heaven for guidance, and turned over in my mind everything that it was possible to do. I came at last to the only conclusion which seemed to promise us a chance of life; and what that was will appear before long. I could not sleep, and yet towards morning I fell into a doze, from which I was roused by a frightful dream of a wild storm, and all my little ones swallowed up in the vortex of the sea, and none to save them.

"Next day I went on deck, and endeavored to behave as though ignorant of everything: it was a hard task, for I was never used to deceit. I watched narrowly everything that took place, and, knowing what I did, saw but too plainly confirmation of what I had heard in the anxious, dogged looks of the crew. I heard the noise of the pumps going continually, though I could not see them. About nine o'clock it came on to rain, and rained the whole of the day, so hard that few of the emigrants came on deck, and those only for a short time. The rain was accompanied by a thick mist, which bounded our view to a mile's circuit at most. I had noticed that a signal fluttered on the mast, which I had no doubt was a distress-signal; but what chance was there of its being seen in the thick rain-mist? There was a brass gun on deck, and about noon the captain gave orders to have it scaled and cleared up by one of the boys. It was fired several times, and the report brought up a lot of idle fellows, who clamored for more discharges, which the captain, as if to gratify them, allowed. I knew well enough that these also were signals of distress; but they were not heard, and the day passed away, and nothing hove in sight.

"About half an hour before sunset the mist blew off, the clouds dispersed, and the whole sea-view was again clear to the horizon on all sides. I watched the faces of the crew as they looked anxiously round; the mate himself ran to the mast-head with a telescope, and remained there till the sun had sunk, and only a long streak of yellow light shone in that direction. The fine evening had brought all the passengers on deck, and they were inclined to dance and be merry. All my little ones, too, ran out into the sunshine, and gamboled prayfully among the cordage. It made my heart break to look at them. My wife was about calling them in to put them to bed; then it was that I beckoned her into the cabin, and shut the door. I took both her hands in mine, and looking her sorrowfully and solemnly in the face, said:

"'Betsy, my loving wife, can you, for the dear children's sake, banish all a woman's fears and weaknesses, and be firm to act as I shall bid you?'

"It was not so much the words as the tone of my voice which made her shrink back, and, in a manner, gasp for breath; but she recovered herself with a great effort.

"'John,' she replied, 'I knew it; I have known all day there was something dreadful on your mind. Let me share it; I have a right to share it; with God's help, I can and will bear it—indeed, indeed, you shall not have to reproach me with weakness.'

"'It is well,' I said; 'remember what you have promised, and that the lives of all you love may depend upon your keeping your word.' I then told her the dreadful tidings, and how the knowledge had come into my possession. She heard the whole with more fortitude than I had expected; but she turned stone-color at my words, and, from the calmness with which she spoke afterwards, you might have thought her heart had turned into a stone.

"'What are we to do, John? I will obey you in all things. Is there any hope of life? My children—my children!'

"'Remember!' I said, 'not a word of grief or complaint, lest you destroy what little hope there is. Trust in Providence, and do what I tell you.' I then gave her directions—first, to put the children to bed without undressing them; then, with the help of her niece, to pack up some small parcels of preserved meats and sweet biscuits, and to have outer clothing ready for the children at a moment's notice. I gave her as much to do as I could think of, to keep her mind from running on the horrors of our situation, which, as the crisis drew near, were hardly supportable to myself.

"I then went on deck, sent the girl in with the children, and walked up and down with my eyes wide open. I observed that the long-boat, which, the day before, had contained all sorts of rubbish, had been cleared out, and that some barrels and boxes had been stowed under the thwarts, while two pairs of new oars had been brought up from below. The two smaller boats remained swinging in their places, one over the side, the other at the stern.

"It must have been about an hour after sunset when the captain began complaining of the filthy state of the decks, and declaring that he would have them swilled at once, ordered all the passengers to their berths. There was some demur among the rough Irish fellows at this mandate, but he quieted them by the promise of a kettle of rum-punch, which he ordered the cook to prepare and serve out to them. They were now all obedience; were soon in possession of the grog, and we heard them singing lustily in chorus while it lasted. Meanwhile, the pumps worked harder than ever, and some show of swilling the decks was made; but I sat like a cat on the watch, with my gun loaded in my hand, a knife in my girdle, and ready to act at the decisive moment. It was a moonlight night, and I could see plainly all that took place around the long-boat. From time to time, things were brought and put into it; among the rest, the ship's compass and chronometers.

"Before midnight, the noise in the steerage had died away, and the whole of the emigrants were probably buried in sleep. The mate came on tiptoe down to our cabin-door, and listened to ascertain if any of us were awake. The breathing of the children deceived him, and he returned to the deck, where he immediately signalled the lowering of the boats. The whole crew were but too ready to assist at this service; three of them sprang into the boat at the side, which touched the water the next minute; and then the long boat was hauled towards the slings, and was in the act of being suspended, when I felt the moment was come, and, rushing out, presented myself to the astonished crew.

"They paused in their work, and, glancing silently at one another, began to gather round me.

"'What is the matter, Singer?' said the captain. 'You seem alarmed; has anything disturbed you?'

"I had taken my station against the bulwarks, under the slings, before I replied.

"'I am not a man to be alarmed without reason,' I said. 'You know whether I speak truth when I tell you there is reason enough now.'

"'You are dreaming,' he returned; 'but I have no time to parley with you; be so good as to return to your cabin.'

"'That's of no use, captain,' I replied; 'pray understand at once that I know everything. I don't intend to go to the bottom with my wife and children, so long as a chance remains. You don't lower that boat unless you take my family on board.' As I spoke, I tapped twice on the side-rail, and Betsy came out on deck with the girl and seven children, as I had bidden her. 'Refuse my demand,' I went on, 'and we raise the passengers, and let them know the truth. Who will escape then, you can tell better than I.'

"Again the men looked at each other, and though several of them made as if they would speak, each checked himself, and for a minute not a word was uttered. At last an old seaman stepped forward. 'It's no use talkin' and disputin' now,' he said. 'Mr. Singer's right; and it can't be expected for him to do no otherwise. We must have the family with us, and leave the provisions behind, and trust to being picked up; that's what it is, cap'n, accordin' to my 'pinion.'

"'There is nothing else to be done,' was the captain's answer. 'Be quick, boys; put in the children, and lower away.'

"Two or three barrels, as many bags, and a large hamper, were hastily removed from the boat. My wife and children were put into it as it hung over the side; two seamen followed, and it was lowered into the water, the sea being fortunately calm. The boat at the stern was not lowered at all; it was in fact but a mere cockle-shell, and would have been of little use. The captain distributed the remainder of the crew between the two boats, so that the long-boat carried fifteen in all, and the other seven. Myself and the captain were the last who left the vessel. Notwithstanding the terrible anxiety of the moment, I could not help pitying that miserable man, as he lingered and lingered on board, and seemed to be inventing one excuse after another for delaying the final abandonment of his ship. The mate in the long-boat called to him several times, but he seemed as though he did not hear, and continued pottering about among the rejected articles with which the deck was strewed, as if in search of something, though he knew not what. More than once he sat down on a coil of rope, and buried his face in his hands, until I began to doubt whether he would quit the vessel at all, and had not made up his mind to remain and share the miserable fate of the castaways. But he, like myself, had a wife and children dependent upon him; the thought of them no doubt tugged at his heart-strings, and urged him to self-preservation. The last thing he did was to go and withdraw the bolt which fastened down the grating over the steerage; and then, signing to me to slip down the side, he said in a whisper: 'They are awake; I heard them talking. The Lord have mercy upon them! They will never see the day.'

"We were no sooner in the boat than the men pushed off and moved rapidly away, as if determined to get out of sight and hearing of the miserable beings left all unconscious of the fate that was fast approaching them. We made but little way, however, because our boat was too heavily loaded. The captain gave orders to have certain things thrown overboard, and some indispensable provisions transferred to the other boat, which was less crowded. These things delayed us for some time within a stone's throw of the Camden, from which I could not withdraw my eyes for a moment. The moon shone so brightly that every rope of the doomed vessel was visible, and all the familiar objects on the deck which had been our home. Nearly all the sails were set, and showed ghostly-white beneath the moon; but the vessel being without guidance, they flapped idly this way and that, like the wings of a wounded bird. Slowly the head of the vessel turned round, and, as she drifted before the wind, advanced towards the boats. Just then I saw a figure in a white night-dress running frantically about the deck—now peering over the side, now, with hands clasped above its head, gazing up at the sky, but uttering not a word. Then it disappeared, and, within a minute, from the hollow hull of the vessel came a tumult of voices—of savage execrations mingled with despairing cries and shrieks, as the forlorn and wretched creatures swarmed out upon the deck. They crowded to the little boat at the stern, fought savagely for the possession of it, and swamped it in the vain attempt to get it afloat—the most forward and furious of them perishing before the eyes of the rest. And now that all were aware of the death that awaited them, the cries and the curses, and the long dismal howls and shrieks all mingling together, were most heart-rending and horrible to hear, and will ring in my ears to my dying day. They soon caught sight of our boats, as the men, panic-stricken by the awful sounds, paused upon their oars, and gazed as if fascinated by the fearful tragedy. As the sinking ship lurched heavily nearer and nearer, we merely pulled a few strokes sufficient to maintain a safe distance, and then paused and gazed again. The poor doomed wretches, stretching their clasped hands towards us, prayed piteously for the help we could not afford them; and anon, goaded to madness by our silence, for we answered them not a word, called down curses from Heaven upon our heads. It was a dreadful and sickening thing to be obliged to fly from the distress which we would all have willingly risked our lives to alleviate. But, alas! there was no help for it; and all we could do was to add in silence our bitter lamentations to their own. For more than two hours we sat the agonizing spectators of this horrible tragedy. It must have been nearly three hours past midnight when the Camden went down, and the last drowning cry of the wretched passengers rang in our ears. I prayed to Heaven earnestly that night that no human eye might ever again behold such a spectacle; and I hope the Great Ruler of the universe will hear my prayer.

"The dead, cold silence that followed struck more terror to my heart than all the agonizing cries that had gone before. Then I heard the strong men sobbing like women; but at these sounds, the captain, who had hid his face from the dreadful spectacle of the wreck, roused himself, and in a calm severe voice ordered the men to pull away, himself taking charge of the rudder. I had been in a sort of maze all this time, incapable of doing anything but stare fixedly on the poor sinking ship; but when the boat began to move, I was recalled to my proper senses, and then the thought of my family, and the peril we were in, almost bewildered me again. I turned to my poor wife; she was in a dead swoon, and, as I afterwards found, had fainted the moment I had joined her in the boat, and had beheld nothing of the fearful sight which had unnerved us all. She lay in the arms of her niece, who was almost as helpless as herself. The two eldest girls were moaning with apprehension and terror; but I was glad to see that the younger children were fast asleep, and that the girl had covered them up close in the bottom of the boat. We were all huddled together with the captain at the stern, and, as the sea was quite calm, were fortunately warm and dry. I put a little brandy to Betsy's lips, and chafed her hands and feet, and it was not long before she revived and looked round. The captain was very kind to us, and so were the men, and bore me no malice for the part I had taken; on the contrary, they endeavored to encourage us by saying that we should be sure to be picked up, at the furthest, in a day or two, and that, unless we had rough weather, all would be well.

"The day was now beginning to dawn, and there was soon light enough to reveal the horizon on the eastern side. Two sails were visible, they said, though I could not see them; but they were too far off to catch sight of any signals we could make, and none were attempted. All that day we rowed on in an easterly course, looking anxiously for some relieving vessel. Whether the captain felt the confidence he expressed with regard to our being picked up, I do not know; but in the afternoon he caused an account to be taken of whatever provisions were on board the boats; had them fairly distributed according to the numbers in each; and put us all upon an allowance, which, he said, would last for five days, with water for three days more. The sweet biscuits and the spirits in my possession were added to the general stock—the latter to be used only for cases of sickness or exhaustion. I had little inclination for food myself; but it distressed me to hear the complaints of the children at the scanty meal allotted them that day, and it went to my heart to be obliged to quiet them by reproof; what grieved me still more was that my wife would not touch her allowance, but shared it with the youngest children.

"Towards evening, a sail appeared to the northward, at the distance of five or six miles. We hoisted a shawl on an oar for a signal, and turned our boats towards her, and at one time had good hopes that she had seen us, as she altered her course as if to meet us; but she veered off on another tack shortly after, and disappeared in the distance and dusk of the evening. This disappointment came like a fresh calamity, and cast a dismal gloom on us all; but now a worse thing alarmed us—the weather became overcast, and, though there was not much wind, the billows rose into long black walls of water, now heaving us aloft on their tops, now plunging us down in the gloomy furrows. The boat lay very deep in the water. The captain signalled the other boat, to know if they could relieve us of a part of our weight; but all they could do was to take one of the water-casks, which they hauled on board with a rope. We threw over a few of the articles which could best be spared, and thus lightened the boat a little. Meanwhile, the weather grew worse—the billows began to break in foam, and the spray dashed over us in showers. With the aid of hammer, a saw, and a piece of sail-cloth, we managed to rig up at the stern a rude bulwark against the breakers, which would else have swamped us. It now began to rain, and that in a way that promised a continuance of wet for some hours at least. In a few minutes we were all drenched to the skin—and all more than ever impressed with the extremity of our misery and peril. My wife scarcely spoke a word, unless it was to quiet and comfort the children, who now cried bitterly, and would not be consoled. The men no longer talked hopefully; but I could see them straining their eyes through the darkness, as it descended rapidly upon us, in search of some passing vessel.

"I think we all tasted the bitterness of death many times that night. Had the swell of the sea, as we expected, increased and brought the wind in its track, nothing could have saved us from sinking. It pleased God, however, to compassionate our distress, and limit the fury of the waves; and the rain ceasing an hour after midnight, the moon struggled fitfully from the clouds, and showed us, O happy sight! a large vessel bearing full down upon us not half a mile in our rear. The men of both boats saw it together, and raised a shout with combined voices. Apparently this was not heard, and the captain called to me to fire my gun, which I had mechanically brought with me, and which he had prevented me from throwing overboard when I offered to do so. I did as he desired, and, a minute after, we had the inexpressible rapture of seeing a flash on board the ship, and hearing the responding report of their gun. I cannot tell you the feelings which now rushed into my breast—the gladness and the gratitude of such a time they only know who, having been long in the very jaws of death, are suddenly snatched from its horrors to peace and safety.

"The good ship which had saved us was La Pucelle, a French vessel, bound for Cherbourg from New York. Except the captain, none on board could speak much of the English tongue; but they understood our wants, and supplied them with a kindness and hospitality not to be surpassed, and seemed pleased beyond measure at their good-fortune in finding us. We continued with them five days, at the end of which time they spoke an English brig bound for Cardiff, to which, with many hearty good-wishes and farewells, they transferred us. We arrived safely, in three days more, in the British Channel, and I was allowed to land at Swansea, where a relative of my wife's received us hospitably after the fearful perils we had escaped."

Such was Singer's account of his first sea-voyage, narrated to us eleven years after its occurrence. One would have thought that such an initiation in the fearful contingencies of sea-life would have sickened him of voyaging, and made him content to try his fortune once more in his native land. His friends took this for granted, and when, within a few weeks of his return, he began making inquiries for another ship, accused him of tempting Providence to his destruction. John looked on the matter in a different light—felt convinced, in fact, that he was not destined to a watery grave—and made up his mind to follow his original intention. But he took better precautions this time in the choice of a vessel—embarked his family in a first-class merchantman, and, after a speedy and prosperous passage of five weeks, arrived in safety at New York, whence he set out at once for the land of promise in the far west.

As a settler, Singer did well. He bought land on the boundary-lines of civilization, and shrewdly squatted a considerable tract in addition. He had the address to conciliate a wandering tribe of Indians by his generosity in their time of need, and thus converted the usual enemies of the settler into friends and defenders. As his family grew up, they proved valuable and productive capital, and paved his way to competence and independence. His success drew many of his old friends after him, and he renewed, in the forests of America, the associations and friendships of his youth in Wiltshire. In ten years, John had grown a man of substance and authority, looked up to and respected by the population of a whole district. At that time, his wife's father died, leaving a considerable property to be divided equally among his children. Then it was that John Singer came over to assist in the settlement of the business, and to receive his own legacy; and then, too, it was that we heard the lamentable story of the loss of the Camden from his own lips. This was twenty-seven years ago, and we have not heard of the sturdy settler since. If he be yet alive, he is no doubt honored as a patriarch, for the snows of nearly fourscore winters have by this time settled on his head.—*Chambers's Journal.*

"I GREW THE REST."—A boy three years of age was asked who made him. With his little hand levelled a foot above the floor, he artlessly replied: "God made me a little boy so high, and I grew the rest."

For The Standard.

A VOICE.

No flower of grace is "born to blush unseen,"
While He who made doth keep it in His eye;
Hold on thy way, firm, trustful, and serene,
For One doth watch thine inmost privacy.

Squander not pearls and opals on the herd,
Nor let regretful tear thy lashes wet:
God gathers gems from deeps of man unheard;
He hoards them for His own pure cabinet.

His ways are not man's ways: His range is high
As suns and stars that do elude our grasp:
His search is low—low as that nether sky
Starred with the wealth man may not idly clasp.

Milney, Nov. 7, 1858. A. P. C.

FRENCH EXILES IN ALGERIA.

THERE is a sad side of Algerian life; and none have ever so touchingly and so eloquently described it as the author of the "Sketches"* before us. One day while exploring the cedar forests near the little fort of Teniet El Haad, on the confines of French civilization, he fell in with "a colonel out of uniform," a political convict, in fact, who told him a tale as affecting as we remember having read in a long time. The story is in the gentleman's own words, and the first part of it is to the effect that, without having committed anything against the laws of France, but simply because it was known that he was an admirer of Cavaignac, he was arrested, immediately after the *coup d'état*, and, together with some other shiploads of miserable men—none of them even accused of a crime, none examined, and none judged—sent off to Algeria. Then the tale continues:

"After a few days spent in the Lazaret of Algiers, the living cargoes of the Berthollet and the Mogador, of which I still remained a unit, were formed into bodies and marched into the interior. Six of these divisions were directed on six different points, viz., Birkadem, Douera, Bourbika, the Maison Carrée, the Cinq Trembles, and the Maison Blanche. Tents were served out to them in a given proportion, and camps were formed. Time was required to teach these men camp manners; and when the wet season came upon them, they suffered dreadfully from fevers and dysentery. Unused to living under canvas the heat at first struck them down. They knew nothing of the manner of pitching their tents, so as to preserve them from the tropical rains, and the soldiers, who regarded them as troublesome cattle, did but little to help them. Numbers died during the season of probation; and many more, standing all day on ground saturated with wet, and sleeping at night on wet straw, laid the foundation of diseases which enabled them, at a later period, to return on sick certificates to France and die in peace.

"It became necessary to find employment for the surviving exiles, whose ranks were strengthened by fresh drafts from the mother country faster than death thinned them—although African fever and deadly dysenteries did their best to reduce their numbers. Work was therefore provided, but with a total disregard to their capabilities. The officers who commanded the various camps heartily disliked their office, and looked upon their prisoners as so many incumbrances; the soldiers, whose duties were augmented by them, shared these feelings; and thus, from the Marshal who commanded the colony, and who chafed bitterly against the system which condemned Algeria to take rank with Botany Bay, down to the poor sentry who guarded the political convicts, not a single friendly eye was theirs—not a helping hand was stretched out to aid them. But, as before said, they could not be suffered to eat the bread of idleness, and employment must be found for them.

"Many of the exiles had followed liberal professions; many had been borne away from comfortable homes and from good society; while others had always been used to hard manual labor; but all alike were directed to work on the roads, and in draining the marshy plains. In many of the villages which had sprung up here and there on these vast plains, the population had been mowed down by fever, and renewed sometimes as many as three times. This was attributed to the want of drainage, and the inhabitants of the convict camps needed work. What better employment could be found for such troublesome cattle? Often wet through, above their knees in mud and dirt, and kept without any change of linen, the men of weaker natures suffered in silence, bearing blows and contumely without complaint, until the hospital tent received them first, and afterwards the trench dug in the churchyard.

"The more stubborn resisted, and ultimately refused to work. Words and blows were tried in vain. 'We are sure to die,' was their reply to both, 'kill us, then, at once,' and before their untameable obstinacy both blows and recrimination failed. Some of these men were dragged, by means of ropes tied to their feet, to the places appointed as the scene of their labors, but a remnant still held out in their stern refusal, and pestered their task-masters with their continual demands for death. After every available means had been used, and had failed, these men were marched into the towns and there consigned to prison, where, after a long confinement, some gave in, and the remainder died; and when the jailor came to carry off the last relics of the fallen Republican, he would find, scratched on the prison wall over the wretched pallet-bed, such words as these:

"'Here lies —— assassinated by Bonaparte.'

"Some officers commanding the camps did what they could to alleviate the sufferings of their prisoners, others behaved in a different manner. One, who signalized himself over his fellows by inhuman conduct, and whose only excuse was youth and inaptitude for command, a young lieutenant of the convict camp of Douera, one day directed four men, for refusing to work, to be sent to prison. They could not leave the camp until the following day, and some of their comrades, knowing nothing of the severity of martial law or military discipline, and having managed to procure some bottles of wine, feted their departure that night. Toasts to liberty were drunk, the *Marseillaise* was sung, and, low as the chant was, it reached the ear of a neighboring sentry. The lieutenant in question at once interfered, struck right and left, seized on the four first delinquents, and ordered them to be put in irons. Upon this the whole party rose and petitioned the officer to allow them all to share the punishment, as they had shared the wine and the fete together.

"Lieutenant M—— drew up a report of this occurrence, so worded as to show his own promptitude and firmness in a conspicuous light, but giving such gravity to the matter as to cause the four refractory prisoners to be brought to a court-martial; and the court, presided over by a lieutenant-colonel, condemned them to death on the evidence of the lieutenant.

"Douera is situated at about eighteen miles from Algiers, and no sooner did the capital punishment awarded by the court become known on the public Exchange of that place than it created a great sensation. People looked at each other in consternation, asking under what rule they lived, that drinking a toast to liberty, and singing a Republican song, was punishable with death. The Bourse was closed, and small knots of people might be observed assembling here and there. The government seemed alarmed, and, it soon became rumored, was looking for a feasible mode of retreat, but the award of a court-martial cannot in France be set aside by any other tribunal.

"It was necessary to do something, and the day of execution was adjourned from time to time until that something was found out. For eight months these four poor fellows lingered on in daily expectation of being led out for execution; but at last, after a diligent search, a flaw was found in the proceedings of the court which had condemned them, and a second court was detailed for their trial. This court, on the same evidence, and the same accusation, completely and fully acquitted the prisoners, and restored them to their former position.

"Other prisoners, for a similar crime, were dealt with subsequently on a different principle. The anniversary of the taking of the Bastile was celebrated by some of the convicts. A few bottles of wine had been scraped together, and the *Marseillaise* was sung. Four men were seized and imprisoned. They remained a whole month in jail before trial, and were then sentenced to eight days' solitary confinement. The sentence seems severe enough, but the military authorities of Algeria thought otherwise. In the dead of night, and without warning, these men were brought out of their prison, and embarked on board ship. They knew nothing of their destiny; but were eventually disembarked near Oran, and there turned loose on a vast plain, without any means of existence, or protection against the rays of the sun. They might sing, they were told in mockery by one of their guards, the *Marseillaise* there as much and as loud as they pleased. Without tents, exposed to the burning sun by day and the deadly dews by night, these men nourished themselves with roots and wild fruits, and at last excavated for themselves holes in the ground, where they burrowed for shelter, like the foxes and jackals.

"One day in their wanderings they fell in with seventeen of their former comrades, who had, like themselves, refused to work, and, being of those whom hunger and imprisonment could not tame, had been turned loose in that vast wild plain to drag out a miserable existence in sorrow and isolation—to sing in short to the eagles and vultures the *Marseillaise* as much as they liked. I don't know what has become of these men; no one troubles his head about their ultimate fate."

In the preface, which was apparently written only a short time ago, we are informed by the author that the old soldier who told him this tale still lingers out his life in French Algeria, a hopeless and blighted man. He had fought and bled at Leipsic and at Waterloo, and, among the soldiers of the Imperial Guard, witnessed the adieux of the First Napoleon at Fontainebleau; and yet the Third Napoleon sends him in chains into the plains of Africa, simply because he dared to have an opinion of his own. What a fearful insight this little fragmentary history gives us into the nature of the present Imperial *régime.*—*London Statesman.*

*Sketches of Algeria during the Kabyle War. By Hugh Mulleneux Walmsley.

AMBROSE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Never surely was holier man
Than Ambrose since the world began;
With diet spare and raiment thin,
He shielded himself from the father of sin;
With bed of iron and scourgings oft
His heart to God's hand as wax made soft.

Through earnest prayer, and watchings long,
He sought to know 'twixt right and wrong,
Much wrestling with the blessed Word,
To make it yield the sense of the Lord,
That he might build a storm-proof creed
To fold the flock in at their need.

At last he builded a perfect faith,
Fenced round about with "*The Lord thus saith*";
To himself he fitted the doorway's size,
Meted the light to the need of his eyes,
And knew, by a sure and inward sign,
That the work of his fingers was divine.

Then Ambrose said: "All those shall die
The eternal death, who believe not as I";
And some were boiled, some burned in fire,
Some sawn in twain, that his heart's desire
For the good of men's souls might be satisfied
By the drawing of all to the righteous side.

One day as Ambrose was seeking the truth
In his lonely walk, he saw a youth
Resting himself in the shade of a tree;
It had never been given him to see
So shining a face, and the good man thought
'Twere a pity he should not believe as he ought.

So he sat himself by the young man's side,
And the state of his soul with questions tried;
But the heart of the stranger was hardened indeed,
Nor received the stamp of the one true creed,
And the spirit of Ambrose waxed sore to find
Such face in front of so narrow a mind.

"As each beholds in cloud and fire
The shape that answers his own desire,
So each," said the youth, "in the Law shall find
The figure and features of his mind;
And to each, in His mercy, God hath allowed
His several pillar of fire and cloud."

The soul of Ambrose burned with zeal
And holy wrath for the young man's weal:
"Belie-vest thou, then, most wretched youth,"
Cried he, "a dividual essence of truth?
I fear me thy heart is too cramped with sin
To take the Lord in his glory in."

Now there bubbled beside them, where they stood,
A fountain of waters sweet and good;
The youth to the streamlet's brink drew near,
Saying, "Ambrose, thou maker of creeds, look here"!
Six vases of crystal then he took,
And set them along the edge of the brook.

"As into these vessels the water I pour,
There shall one hold less, another more,
And the water unchanged, in every case,
Shall put on the figure of the vase;
O thou, who wouldst unity make through strife,
Canst thou fit this sign to the Water of Life?"

When Ambrose looked up, he stood alone,
The youth, and the stream, and the vases were gone;
But he knew, by a sense of humbled grace,
He had talked with an angel, face to face,
And felt his heart change inwardly,
As he fell on his knees beneath the tree.

LAKE SCENERY OF ENGLAND.

HARRIET MARTINEAU was peculiarly fitted to write the best guide-book of the Lake district.* For so many years her home and her study—familiar with every aspect of the scenery she describes, and knowing, by the teaching of personal experience, all of which she writes, she had but to throw the charm of her vigorous language round her knowledge to perfect every condition necessary for a good book. And if now and then she lends the authority of her name to patent exaggerations and details, as matters of grave belief, the "skirts" and "cracks" of the neighborhood, we must not be over precise in our criticisms, but accept what she provides for us thankfully and genially. She has said comparatively little of the "dalesmen"—the small statesmen of Cumberland—among whom are to be found all the traditionary excellences and defects of the northern nature. Independent, daring, cautious, and by no means shallow thinkers, yet prejudiced, rude, given to drink and its consequences, and bigoted against innovation and reform, they form a class peculiar to the district; without which, indeed, that district would lose a large part of its local coloring, and Cumberland life half its picturesqueness. The dalesmen are the small landed proprietors of the mountains—the aboriginal aristocracy, so far as length of pedigree and ancientness of family go; and form a most important and special feature in the social landscape. Miss Martineau has scarcely given them sufficient prominence in her book; but this is almost the only sin of omission with which she can be charged.

Nothing can be more beautiful than her little sketches of views and scenery. Take this as an instance; is it not perfect in its way, and well worthy of the subject? It is the ascent of Fairfield, by Rydal Park:

"Ascending from these shades (Rydal Park) through a more straggling woodland, the stranger arrives at a clump on the ridge—the last clump—and thenceforth feels himself wholly free. His foot is on the springy mountain moss; many a cushion of heather tempts him to sit down and look abroad. There may still be a frightened cow or two, wheeling away with tail aloft, as he comes onwards; and a few sheep are still crouching in the shadows of the rocks, or staring at him from the knolls. . . . . It is in such places that the truth of some of Wordsworth's touches may be recognized, which are most amusing to Cockney readers. Perhaps no passage has been more ridiculed than that which tells of the 'solemn bleat' of

"'A lamb left somewhere to itself,
The plaintive spirit of the solitude.'

The laughers are thinking of a cattle-market, or a flock of sheep on a dusty road; and they know nothing of the effect of a single bleat of a stray lamb upon the mountains. If they had ever felt the profound stillness of the higher fells, or heard it broken by the plaintive cry, repeated and not answered, they would be aware that there is true solemnity in the sound. Still further on, when the the sheep are all left behind, he may see a hawk perched upon a green boulder. . . . Perhaps a heavy buzzard may rise, flapping from his nest on the moor, or pounce from a crag in the direction of any water-birds that may be about the springs and pools in the hills. There is no sound, unless it be the hum of gnats in the hot sunshine. There is an aged man in the district, however, who hears more than this, and sees more than people below would perhaps imagine. An old shepherd has the charge of four rain-gauges, which are set up on four ridges—desolate, misty spots, sometimes below, and often above, the clouds. He visits each once a month, and notes down what these guages record; and when the tall old man, with his staff, passes out of sight into the clouds, or among the cresting rocks, it is a striking thought that science has set up a tabernacle in these wildernesses, and found a priest among the shepherds. That old man has seen and heard wonderful things; has trod upon rainbows, and been waited upon by a dim retinue of spectral mists. He has seen the hail and the lightnings go forth as from under his hand; and has stood in the sunshine, listening to the thunder growling and the tempest bursting beneath his feet. He well knows the silence of the hills, and all the solemn ways in which that silence is broken. The stranger, however, coming hither in a calm summer day, may well fancy that a silence like this can never be broken. Looking abroad, what does he see? The first impression probably is of the billowy character of the mountain groups around and below him. This is, perhaps, the most striking feature of such a scene to a novice; and the next is the fitting character of the mists. One ghostly peak after another seems to rise out of its shroud; and then the shroud winds itself round another. Here the mist floats over a valley, then it reeks out of a chasm; here it rests upon a green slope, there it curls up a black precipice. The sunny vales below look like a paradise, with their bright meadows, and waters, and shadowy woods, and little knots of villages. To the north there is the glittering sea, and the estuaries of the Leven and the Duddon, with their stretches of yellow sands. To the east there is a sea of hill-tops. On the north,